

Epsom Wells.

COMEDY.

As performed at the
DUKE'S THEATRE.

Written by
THO. SHADWELL.

Μεγάλης πολιδαρχίας ἀμάρτημα ἐν γένει.

LICENSED Feb. 17. 1671

Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON.

Printed by J. W. for Henry Herringman at the Sign of the
Black Lamb in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange.

M. DC. LXXVI.

Dramatis Personæ

*Rains,
Bevil,
Woodly,
Clodpate,*

} Men of Wit and Pleasure.

A Country Justice, a publick, spirited, poli-
tick, discontented Fop, an immoderate hater
of London, and a lover of the Country above
measure, a hearty true *English* Coxcomb.

Clodpate's Man.

*Toby,
Kick,
Cuff,
Bisket,*

} Two cheating, flarking, cowardly Bullies.

A Comfit-maker, a quiet, humble, civil Cuc-
kold governed by his Wife, whom he very
much fears and loves at the same time, and is
very proud of.

Fribble,

A Haberdasher, a surly Cuckold, very con-
ceited, and proud of his Wife, but pretends to
govern and keep her under.

Two Country Fellows.

Foot-boy.

Mrs. Woodly,

Woodly's Wife, Jilting, unquiet, troublesome,
and very whorish.

*Lucia,
Carolina,*

} Two young Ladies of Wit, Beauty, and
Fortune.

Mrs. Bisket,

An impertinent imperious Strumpet, Wife to
Bisket.

Dorothy Fribble,

Wife to *Fribble*, an humble submitting Wife,
who jilts her Husband that way, a very
Whore.

Mrs. Jilt,

A silly affected Whore that pretends to be in
Love with most men, and thinks most men in
Love with her, and is always boasting of Love-
Letters and mens favours, yet a Pretender to
Vertue.

Peg,

Her Sister, *Mrs. Woodly's* Maid.

Parson, Hectors, Constable and Watch, and Fiddlers.

To

EPILOGUE.

*A Play without a Wedding, made in spight
 Of old Black-Fryars; 'tis a fine way they write;
 They please the wicked Wenchers of the Age,
 And scoff at civil Husbands on the Stage:
 To th' great decay of Children in the Nation,
 They laugh poor Matrimony out of fashion.
 A young man dares not marry now for shame,
 He is afraid of losing his good name.
 If they go on thus, in a short time we
 Shall but few Sons of honest Women see:
 And when no virtuous Mothers there shall be,
 Who is't will boast his ancient Family?
 Therefore, for Heavens sake, take the first occasion,
 And marry all of you for th' good o' th' Nation.
 Gallants, leave your lewd whoring and take Wives,
 Repent for shame your Covent-Garden lives:
 Fear not the fate of us, whom in the Play
 Our bawdy Poet Cuckolded to day;
 For ours are Epsom Water-drinking Wives,
 And few in that lewd Town lead stricter lives:
 But for the rest; he'd have it understood
 By representing few ill Wives he wou'd
 Advance the value of the many good. }
 He knows the wise, the fair, the chaste, the young.
 A party are so numerous and strong,
 Would they his Play with their protection owne,
 They might each day fill all this House alone.
 He says, none but ill Wives can ever be
 Banded in faction 'gainst this Comedy.
 Therefore come all, who wish to have it known,
 Though there are scurvy Wives, that they are none.*

F I N I S.

O

Prologue written by Sir C. S.

Poets and Thieves can scarce be rooted out,
Scape ne're so hardly they'll have th'other bout;
Burnt in the hand the Thieves fall to't agen,
And Poets hiss, cry they did so to Ben----:
Like Boys, who have at School too oft been stript.
They have no feeling in the part that's whipt.
They're for your pity, not your anger, fit,
They're e'en such fools, they would be thought t' have wit.
Elsewhere you all can flatter, why not here?
You'll say you pay; and so may be severe:
Judge for your selves then Gallants as you pay,
And lead not each of you his Bench astray:
Let easie Citts be pleas'd with all they hear,
Go home, and to their Neighbour's praise our Ware.
They with good stomachs come, and fain wou'd eat,
You nothing like, and make them loath their meat.
Though some men are with Wine, Wit, Beauty cloyd,
The Creatures still by others are enjoy'd.
'Tis not fair play, that one for his Half Crown,
Shou'd judge, and rail, and damn for half the Town.
But do your worst; if once the Pit grows thin,
Your dear lov'd Masks, will hardly venture in.
Then we are reveng'd on you, who needs must come
Hither, to shun your own dull selves at home:
But you kind Burgers who had never yet,
Either your Heads or Bellies full of wit:
Our Poets hope to please; but not too well;
Nor wou'd he have the angry Criticks swell.
A moderate Fate best fits his humble mind,
Be neither they too sharp, nor you too kind.

Prologue

Prologue to the King and Queen, spoken at
Whiteball.

POets and Souldiers used to various chance,
Cannot expect they should each day advance;
Sometimes their Wreaths they miss, Sometimes obtain;
But whenso'ere one luckie hit they gain,
Loudly the triumphs of that day they boast,
And ne're reflect on all their Battels lost.
So, Royal Sir, the Poet of this night,
Since he contributed to your delight,
No thoughts of former losses does retain,
But boasts that now he has not liv'd in vain:
His tide of joy will to ambition swell.
He that would think his whole life managed well,
Once pleasing him——
T' whom all the pleasures of our lives are due,
Has now liv'd twice, since he has twice pleas'd you.
* If this for him had been by others done,
After this honour sure they'd claim their own.
Yet, to compleat his wishes, does remain
This new addition which he hopes to gain,
That you, the other glory of our Isle,
Would grace his labour with your Royal smile.
Though he has faults, yet, Madam, you will save
The Criminal your Royal Lord forgave;
And that indulgence he will much prefer
To all th' applauses of the Theater.

A common Audience gives but common praise,
Th' applause of Princes must confer the Bays.

* These two Lines were writ in answer to the calumny of some impotent and envious Scriblers, and some industrious Enemies of mine, who would have made the Town and Court believe, though I am sure they themselves did not, that I did not write the Play; but at last it was found to be so frivolous a piece of malice, it left an impression upon few or none.

Epſom

To his Grace the
Duke of *NEW-CASTLE*, &c.

May it please your Grace,

YOur Grace has by so many and extraordinary favours so entirely made me your own, that I cannot but think what ever is mine is so. This makes me bold to present you with this Comedy,, which the Town was extremely kind to, and which I confess I am more fond of than of any thing I have ever wrote, and therefore think myself obliged to dedicate it to your Grace, since whatever I can value most among my small Possessions is your due. And though the return be in no measure proportionable to the obligations I have received; yet I hope I shall not be thought ungrateful, since I offer the best I have to your Grace; who I think I may say are the only *Mecenas* of our Age, I am sure the only one that I can boast of.

You are He who still preserves and maintains the Magnificence and Grandeur of our ancient Nobility; and being one that's truly great in Mind as well as Fortune, you take delight in the rewarding and encouraging of Art and Wit: And while others detract from Poetry, or at least neglect it, your Grace not only encourages it by your great Example, but protects it too. *Welbeck* is indeed the only place where the best Poets can find a good reception. Your Grace well understanding their noble Science, and admiring it, while

some men envy it, and others are grossly ignorant of it; and indeed none but the latter can slightly esteem it, who commonly are solid Block-heads, that value business and drudgery, which every industrious Fool is capable of before refined Wit and Sence. It is a certain sign of a sordid and foolish Age, when Poetry is depressed, men, by reason of their folly and looseness of Manners, either not caring to imitate the generous Characters represented by it, or fearing the Satyr of it.

Your Grace is above the imitating of generous Characters, made by Poets, being your self an Original which they can but faintly copy, nor are you less for your Greatness, Wisdom, and Integrity above their Satyr. So that your Grace is fully qualified in all particulars for the support of poor neglected Poetry. Your Excellence in the Art is enough to keep up the Dignity of it, and your Greatness to encourage and protect it. And accordingly your Grace does so magnificently extend your favours to the Poets, that your great Example is enough to atone the neglect of all the Nation, and among all whom your Grace has obliged, there is none shall be more ready upon all occasions to testify his Gratitude, than,

My Lord,

Your Graces most obedient,

humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

Epsom Wells.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Woodly, Bisket, Mrs. Bisket, Fribble and his Wife, Kick, Cuff, Dorothy and Margaret; to Toby and others, drinking at the Wells.

Bisk. Now it is a pleasurable Morning; the Waters taste so finely after being fuddled last Night. Neighbour **Fribble**, here's a Pint to you.

Fribb. I'll pledge you Mr. **Bisket**, I have drunk eight already.

Mrs. Bisk. How do the Waters agree with your Ladyship?

Mrs. Wood. Oh Sovereignly; how many Cups are you arriv'd to?

Mrs. Bisk. Truly six, and they pass so kindly.

Mrs. Wood. 'Tis a delicious Morning.

Cuff. Honest **Kick**, how is it? you were drunk last night; I was so, and was damnable beaten.

Kick. I was drunk, **Not Cuff**, and was not beaten, but beat; I am come to wash away my Claret; but you'll scarce wash away your black Eye.

Mrs. Fribb. I am glad to see your Ladyship this Morning, you look so fresh and fair; my service to you, Madam.

Kick. How the white Aprons scuttle, and leap, and dance yonder; some of 'em are dancing the Hey.

Kick. Many a London Strumpet comes to Jump and wash down her unlawfull Issue, to prevent shame; but more especially charges.

Cuff. Others come hither to procure Conception.

Kick. Ay, Rox, that's not from the Waters but something else that shall be gamester.

Cuff. I have a great mind to run roving in amongst 'em all.

Kick. Thou hadst as good fling thyself among the Lyons in the Tower when they are fasting. They'll tear thee in pieces, but wee'll have a course as they are going from the Wells.

Cuff. Agreed: we seldom use to miss of some kind good body to supply our necessities that way.

Fribb. Is your Ladyships Coach here?

Mrs. Wood. It goes before, I'll follow it on foot for the pleasure of the walk.

Mrs. Bisk. Madam, good Morrow, have your Ladyships Waters pass'd well.

Mrs. Wood. Yes wonderfully, I'll be going. [Exit Mrs. Wood.]

Bisket. Mr. Kick, and Mr. Cuff, good Morow to you, we shall have you at the Bowling-Green in the afternoon.

Kick. I play on your side.

Bisk. I know it, and I'll lay all I am worth on't.

Kick. I hope he will, Cuff, that we may ruine him.

Fribb. And I am on my Neighbour *Bisket's* side all I can rap and read.

Cuff. Let's be sure to beat all we can. I have known a great Bowler, whose Betters place was worth above 200 *l.* a year without venturing a farthing for himself.

Kick. They begin to go homewards, let's be gone.

Enter Ruines and Bevilb.

Bev. Jack, how is't this Morning? we are late, the Company is going from the wells; how does thy last nights work agree with thee?

Ruines. Whether that agreed with me or no, I am resolv'd to agree with that; for no distemper can trouble me that comes from so generous a Cause, as lusty *Burgundy* and good Company.

Bev. Thou art i'th' right, we should no more be troubled at the Feavers we get in drinking, than the Honourable wounds we receive in Battle.

Ruines.

Raines. 'Tis true, the first are the effects of our pleasure, and the last of our honour; which are two things absolutely necessary to the life of a Gentleman.

Bev. Yet your dull spleenetick sober Sots will tell you, we shorten our lives, and bring Gouts, Dropsies, Palsies, and the Devil and all upon us.

Raines. Let 'em lye and preach on, while we live more in a week, than those insipid-temperate-fools do in a year.

Bev. We like subtle Chymists extract and refine our pleasure; While they like Fulsom Galenists take it in gross.

Raines. I confess, a disorder got by Wine in scurvy company, would trouble a man as much as a Clap got of a Bawd; but there are some women so beautiful, that the pleasure would more than ballance the disaster.

Bev. And as your honest Whore-master makes haste to his cure onely to be at it again; so do we take Pills and the Waters to prepare us for another heat.

Raines. For my part I hate to hoard up a great stock of health, as Misers do Gold, and make no use on't: I am resolv'd to lay it out upon my Friends as far as 'twill go; and if I run my self out, I'll be a good Husband for a while to lay it out again when I have it.

Bev. But, *Jack*, there are duties to our she, as well as her neighbours, which the Dull, Grave, and Wise say, is lighting our Candle at both ends.

Raines. Let 'em be light at both ends. Is it not better to let life go out in a blaze than a snuff?

Bev. I see thou art a brave fellow, and not to be mov'd by the formal Fops of this world.

Raines. I will converse with grave fellows in their Books; but with such as thou art over a bottle *Ned*. But where's *Woody* this morning? I warrant he was drunk last night, and has had a tedious lecture from his Impertinent Wife; who impudently rails at him, as she says, because she loves him.

Bev. He's an honest fellow, and ventures hard when he drinks with us; for to say truth, she's a damn'd Wife, but a very good Mistress.

Raines. Art not thou a Villain to Cuckold this honest fellow, and thy friend *Ned*?

Bev. Gad it's impossible to be a man of honour in these Cases. But my intrigue with her began before my Friendship with him, and so I made a friend of my Cuckold, and not a Cuckold of my friend.

Raines. An admirable School distinction.

Enter Woodyly.

Wood. *Raines* and *Bevil*, good Morrow to you.

Raines. O *Frank Woodyly*, where wer't thou last night? you scap'd a bloody night on't.

Wood. Faith *Raines* there is no scaping, a Coward may be kill'd as well as a brave man; I ran away from you but to little purpose. See how my hand shakes this Morning.

Raines. O let me kiss that hand; he must be an illustrious Man whose hand shakes at 22.

Wood. You are pleas'd to say so, but faith I take pains and live as fast as I can, that's the truth on't.

Bev. Thou art in the right, and a Pox on them that live slowly, lazily, and soberly. I love riding Post in a Journey, I hate a damn'd dull Carriers pace.

Wood. But I was in damn'd Company with that Publick spirited Fool, and Country Justice, Mr. *Clodpate*, and one or two as bad.

Bev. Thou art often seduc'd by Fools, *Frank*; have a care of 'em - I say, have a care of 'em.

Rains. He Counsels you well; for conversation is to the mind, as the air we live in is to the body; in the good we by degrees suck in health, and in the ill Diseases. Wit is improv'd in good Company; but there is a Contagion in Folly, that insensibly insinuates into one that often converses with Fools, let his constitution of mind be never so good.

Bev. But *Clodpate* is a Clownish-Country Fool. The Murrain among Cattle is not infectious to men, nor can his blunt folly ever insinuate it self into an honest debauchee.

Enter Clodpate, and Toby.

Raines. Here he comes, let's observe him a little.

Clodp.

Clodp. Did you call upon my Cozen *Spatter-Brain* for that Interest money due to me this Midsummer?

Taby. I have, Sir, every day since he came to *Epsom*, and yesterday he said upon his Honour he would pay me, and went immediately to *London*.

Clodp. Honour, a Pox on his Honour, I'll sooner trust the honour of a Country Horse-Courser, than one of the Publicans and Sinners of that odious Town. They never pay so much as a Taylors-Bill till it comes to Execution: But I'll have *Spatter-Brain* by the back the nex Term, though he be my Sisters Son. But how does my dapple Mare?

Taby. She's much discontented to hear her Neighbours Whiney over their Oats and Beans, while she is fain to mortify with a poor lock of Hay.

Clodp. You Rogue, you won'd have her as fat, and as foggy, as my Landlady the Hostels. I care not what I spend amongst my Neighbours in *suffex*, but I'd not have a Rogue so near that damn'd Town of *London* get a farthing by me.

Wood. Besides some dolt Encomiums upon a Country life, and discourse of his serving the Nation with his Magistracy, popularity, and House-keeping, you see the best & worst of him.

Bev. But is his hatred to *London* so inveterate as is reported?

Wood. Six times more. Since 'twas burnt he calls it nothing but *sedem*; he is such a Villain, he swears the Frenchman that was hang'd for burning on't was a Martyr; he was so glad at the burning of it, that ever since he has kept the second of September a Festival; he thinks a Woman cannot be honest, scarce sound that comes within the smell on't, he is shock'd at the very name on't.

Bev. I have heard that the reasons of his hatred, are, because he has been beaten, clapt, and cheated there.

Raines. Pox on him, he has found us, and there's no avoiding him.

Clodp. O Mr. *Woodly*, how is it? You drink no Waters; but have you had your other Mornings draught yet?

Woodly. Yes, I never leave off my Evenings draught till it becomes my Mornings draught.

Clodp. Mr. *Rains* and *Bevill*, gad save ye; how de'e like the Country??

Country ? is't not worth a hundred of old *sodom* yonder ? good Horses, good Dogs, good Ale, *hah*... *Raines*. Good Wine, good Wits, and fine Women, may I take it, compare with them.

Clodp. I find you'll never leave that place of sin and sea-coal, give me drink for all that, that breeds no Gout; a wholesome plain Wenck, that will neither bring my body to the Surgeons hands, nor my Land to the Scriveners; and for Wit, there is such a stir amongst you, who has it, and who has it not, that we honest Country Gentlemen begin to think there's no such thing, and have hearty Mirth and good old Catches amongst us, that do the business every whit as well.

Raines. He's in the right. The wits are as bad as the Divines, and have made such Civil Wars, that the little Nation is almost undone.

Clodp. But Mr. *Woodly*, how do you like my Dapple Mare?

Wood. Not comparable to a Hackney Coach.

Clodp. But the shall run with're a Hackney Coach in England for all that, or ere a Horse in your stable, weight him & inch him.

Wood. I would not keep a running horse, though a running horse would half keep me.

Bev. We are for London to morrow; shall we have your company?

Clodp. U's bud, I go to London! I am almost sick at Epsom, when the wind fits to bring any of the Smoak this way, and by my good will would not talk with a man that comes from thence till he hath ay'd himself a day or two.

Wood. Why, there's no Plague.

Clodp. There's Pride, Popery, Folly, Lust, Prodigality, Cheating Knaves, and Jilting Whores; Wits of half a crown a quart, and Ale of twelve pence, and what not.

Raines. This is a terrible regiment you have muster'd; but neither the Priests nor the Women will ravish you; nor are you forc'd to take the Wine, as the French are their Salt, there are twelve penny Ordinaries.

Clodp. Ay, and Cards and false Dice, and Quarrels, He-Ators and reform'd Officers to borrow a Crown, and beat a man that refuses it, or asks for it again; besides, I'll sum you up the beasty pleasures of the best of ye.

Wood.

Wood. What are those? to him now consider a thing as is
Clodp. Why, to sit up drunk till three a clock in the morn-
 ing, rise at twelve, follow dam'd French Fashions, get dress'd
 to go to a damn'd Play, choak your selves afterwards with dust
 in Hyde-park, or with Sea-coal in the Town, flatter and fawn
 in the drawing room, keep your wench, and turn away your
 Wife, Gods looks.

Ben. The Rogue is a tart and witty whorson.

Clodp. I was at *Sodom* at eighteen, I thank 'em, but now I
 serve my Country, and spend upon my Tenants what I get a-
 mongst them.

Raines. And so, indeed, are no better than their Sponge,
 which they moisten only to squeeze again. But what impor-
 tant service do you do your Country?

Clodp. 'Sbud I--- why I am Justice of *Quorum* in *Suffex*, and
 this County too, and I make the Surveyors mend the High
 ways, I cause Rogues to be whipt for breaking fences, or pill-
 ing trees, especially if they be my own; I swear Constables and
 the like.

Ben. But is this all?

Clodp. No, I call Over-seers for the Poor to an account, sign
 Rates, am a Game-keeper, and take away Guns and Grey-
 hounds, bind fellows to the Peace, observe my monthly Meet-
 ing, am now and then an Arbitrator, and License Ale-houses, and
 make people bury in Flannel, to encourage the Woollen Ma-
 nufactures which never a Justice of Peace in *England* does but I.

Wood. Look you, what would you have?

Clodp. Besides, I am drunk once a week at my Lord Lieute-
 nants; and at my own house spend not scurvy French kick-shaws,
 but much Ale and Beef, and Mutton, the Manufactures of
 the Country.

Ben. The Manufactures of the Country, that's well.

Raines. Aye, and I warrant, by the virtue of that, are bring
 as many wide-mouth'd Rogues to bail and halloo for a Knight
 of the Shire, as any man.

Clodp. Ay, Gods looks can I.

Raines. That men should be such infinite Coxcombs to live
 scurvily to get reputation among thick-skull'd Peasants, and be

at

at as great a distance with men of wit and sense, as if they were another sort of Animals.

Bev. 'Tis fit such fools should govern and do the drudgery of the world, while reasonable men enjoy it.

Clodp. Mr. Woodly, I'll go now and wait upon your Cousin Lucia, and if I can get her to marry me, and fill up my pack of dogs, my two great works are over in this world. God-by-gentlemen. Uds-bud, I had forgot, I have the rarest stand of Ale to drink out in the afternoon, with three or four honest Country fellows, you shall be very welcom to it I swear; and wee'll dust it away.

Bev. We thank you, Sir.

Clodp. I am now in haste to read a Gazette, this is the day, I am impatient till I see it--Oh, I love Gazettes extreamly, and they are the only things I can endure that come from London. They are such pretty penn'd things, and I do so love to hear of *Wisnowsky, Potosky, General Wrangle, and Count Tot*, and all those brave fellows--God save ye.

[Six Women cross the Stage in great haste.]

Raines. Look how the women begin to trip it from the Wells, not see some of 'em well dress'd in Masques; oh that admirable invention of Vizor-masques for us poor Lovers; Vizors are so provocative, the Devil take me, I cannot forbear 'em.

Bev. Thou art such a Termagant fellow, thou art as eager at a woman in a Vizor-masque, as thou wouldst be if she show'd all. Faith I'll not be behind-hand with ye--

Enter Mrs. Woodly, and pulls Bevil by the sleeve.
How now, what am I boarded first?
Oh Mrs. Woodly is it you?

Mrs. Wood. I dare not stay a minute, read that note, adieu.

Bev. Short and sweet, let me see--

Reads. My Husband stand up late, and was very drunk last night, and I have had a happy quarrel with him this morning, that has driven him from home, where I shall have the happiness not to see him till night, so that I safely may enjoy your sweet society most part of this day.

Your Woodly.

Well,

Well, the fish so sweet, and the temptation so strong; I have no power to resist it. *Ex. Bevil.*

Enter Caroline, and Lucia, and Footman.

Caro. Let the Coach walk up the Hill, we'll follow it.

Foot. It shall, Madam. *[Ex. Footman.]*

Caro. But as I was saying, *Lucia*, here's very scurvy company.

Luc. We have no body near us here, but some impertinent ill-bred City-wives, where they have more trading with the youth of the Suburbs, than their Husbands with their Customers within the walls.

Caro. Sometimes we have their tame Husbands, who gallop hither upon their Tits, to see their faithful Wives play a game at Ninepins, & be drunk with stum'd wine; and straight are gone to their several and respective couzening vocations. Therefore, prithee, let's go to *Tunbridge*; for *London* is so empty, 'tis a very Wilderness this Vacation.

Luc. No faith, *Carolina*, I have a project in my head shall stay me here a little longer, and thee too—

Caro. What, you hanker after an acquaintance with *Raines* and *Bevil*? thou art a mad wench, but they are so very wild.

Luc. And they be naturally wilder than I, or you either, for all your simpering; I'll be condemned to Fools and ill company for ever.

Caro. Do not wish that dreadful curse; we are already so much pester'd with gay Fools, that have no more sense than our Shock-dogs, that I long for an acquaintance with witty men as well as thou dost. But how can we bring it about without scandal?

Luc. Let this brain of mine alone for that. I blush for my Sex, to see the Ladies of *London* (as if they had sworn common sense) make insipid young Fools their greatest Favourites.

Caro. 'Tis a shame that a company of young wall-fac'd fellows, that have no sense beyond Perruques and Pantaloons, should be the only men with the Ladies; whilst the acquaintance of witty men is thought scandalous.

C

Luc. For

Luc. For my part, I am resolv'd to redeem the honour of our Sex, and lose Wit, and never think a Fool a fine Gentleman.

Enter Cuff and Kick.

What Ruffins are these that come to interrupt us in our great design?

Kick. Ah, Ladies, have we catch'd ye? If faith you shall go along with us.

Caro. What pitiful fellows are these?

Cuff. Pitiful fellows! Gad have a care what you say; we do not use to put up such words, either from man or woman.

Luc. What would you do you dowty Hectors?

Kick. Hectors! upon my honour, if we can find them out, we'll beat you Gallants for this.

Caro. If I had a Gallant that kept a Footman, that would not beat either of ye, I'de disown the Master for the cowardise of the man.

Cuff. 'Sdeath I could find in my heart to draw upon her.

Kick. Would you had two of the bravest fellows in *Chriſtendom* to defend ye, you shou'd see how wee'd swinge 'em.

Luc. Avant, you Hectors, we are not fit for you. I am sure, neither of you yet were ever honoured with a favour from a Chamber-maid.

Caro. Your acquaintance never rises higher than a Landrefs or an Hostess.

Cuff. Be not perverse and foolish, we are persons of quality, and have money. Look ye, let this tempt you.

Kick. Come faith, we'll pay you well upon my honour.

Caro. Upon my honour you shall be well paid with a couple of sufficient beatings, if you leave us not.

Cuff. Hilts and blades, men of honour beaten, ye proud Flirts!

Enter Rains and Bevil following some women who run cross the stage.

Luc. Gentlemen, ye look like men of quality; pray own us to be of your acquaintance, and protect us from a couple of troublesom Ruffians.

Raines. Own thee! that I will faith in any ground in *Chriſtendom*,

Caro. and I hope thou wilt be of my acquaintance before we part. I embrace the adventure as greedily as a Knight errant could.

Bev. to Caro. This is the Dame that I'll defend.

Raines. Gentlemen, have you any business with these Ladies?

Kick. Why, Sir, what if we have?

Cuff. May be we have not, Sir, may be we have.

Bev. Nay, Gentlemen, no huffing, know you're men and vanish.

Raines. You may else, unawares, pull down a beating upon your own heads.

Kick. Beating Sir!

Cuff. We are Gentlemen of quality; never tell us of this, and that, I gad—

Raines. Do not provoke us, but be gone.

Kick. Well, Sir, fare ye well; who cares? I care no more for 'em.

Cuff. No, nor I neither. What a pox care I? tell me—fare ye well. But who the Devil thought they would have come hither?

Kick. Pox on 'em for me.

Luc. softly. These are our Gallants: Gentlemen, let's see how you will swinge 'em.

Kick. Pshaw, prethee hold thy tongue, talk to me—fa, la, la.

[Ex. Kick, and Cuff singing.]

Luc. This is lucky *Carolina* for our design. Gentlemen, you have oblig'd us extremely.

Raines. We are like Knights Errants, or Knights of the Bath, bound to relieve Ladies by our Order.

Bev. But if we have oblig'd you; pray let us see whom we have had the honour of obliging.

Caro. Generous men should be content with the Action, without knowing whom they have oblig'd. But let it satisfy you, we are women of no small quality.

Luc. This desire of knowing us, looks as if ye expected a reward; the seeing of our faces would be none; and upon my word, Gentlemen, we can go no farther if we would do that—

Caro. Besides, you may think us handsome now, and if we

shew our faces; we shall convince you to the contrary; and make you repent the obligation.

Bev. I like thy shape and humour so well, that gad if thou'lt satisfie my Curiosity; I'll not repent, though you want that great ornament of a face, called a Nose.

Raines. I am sure mine's handsom; I have an instinct that never fails me.

Luc. Your infallible instinct has guess'd wrong now.

Bev. Come, Ladies, 'faith off with these Clouds and shine upon us.

Raines. We can never leave you till we see your faces; and if ye don't shew 'em us, we shall think you desire to keep us with ye.

Luc. Nay, rather than have that scandal upon us, we'll shew 'em.

Caro. With all my heart, but upon these terms; you shall promise, upon your honour, not to dog us, or inquire further after us at this time.

Luc. You hear the conditions.

Bev. The conditions are very hard—but I promise—

Raines. Come, Ladies, I find you are handsom, and think yourselves so; or you would not be afraid of our dogging you, when we have seen you.

Luc. No seeing our faces but upon these terms.

Raines. You are cruel Tigers—but since ther's no remedy, I promise—

Luc. Look you, Sir, do you like it now?

Caro. You'll believe us another time.

Bev. By Heaven a Divine Creature!

Raines. Beyond all comparison! where have I liv'd?

Bev. Gad mine has kill'd me. Since they were so much too hard for us at Blunts, we were fools to go to Sharps with them.

Raines. I will never believe a Ladies word of her self again.

Luc. Come you flatter now.

Raines. To shew that I don't, I cannot help making my honour yield to my love; and must beg the favour of you to know who you are; and that I may wait on you home.

Bev. And

Bev. And, Madam, had I sworn by your self, I must have been perjur'd, the temptation is so powerful.

Caro. Have you seen so much Love and Honour upon the Stage, and are so little Judges of it here?

Luc. In short, if you are men of Honour, you'll keep your words; for we will never release you of 'em.

Bev. Shall we have hopes of seeing you hereafter?

Caro. As you behave your selves now.

Raines. Give me hopes of once more seeing you--- and I'll trust you, and let you carry my heart away with you.

Luc. You shall hear further from us, and suddenly.

Raines. Upon your Honour?

Luc. Upon my Honour.

Caro. And mine.

Bev. Farewel then, but let me tell you, 'tis very cruel.

Caro. Why did'st leave 'em so soon, I could have stayed longer with all my heart.

Luc. 'Tis enough at first--- and let me alone hereafter.

[*Ex. Luc. and Caro.*]

Raines. This was a lucky Adventure, and so much the more luckily, that I lighted upon the Lady I love best, though they are both beautiful.

Bev. And I am even with you in that too.

Enter Woody.

Here's *Woody*; the Intrigue is not ripe for his knowledge yet; where have you been, *Frank*?

Wood. I have had two damn'd unlucky Adventures. The first Vizard Masque I pursu'd after, I had followed her a Furlong, and importun'd her to show her Face; when I thought I had got a Prize beyond my hopes, prov'd an old Lady of three-score, with a wrinkl'd pimpl'd Face, but one Eye, and no Teeth; but which was ten times a worse disappointment, the next that I follow'd prov'd to be my own Wife.

Raines. This was for your good, *Frank*; Heaven designs to keep you vertuous.

Wood. But I like not vertue that springs from necessity. Mine is so Noble, I'd have it try'd often.

Raines.

Raines. Well, Gentlemen, where shall we waste the latter part of the day? for I must spend this former part on't with a convenient sort of Utensil, call'd a Citizens Wife.

Wood. I must divert that design, and carry you to my Cousin whom you never saw, the prettiest Girl in Christendom, she has seen you, and likes you extremely.

Raines. Prethee, *Woodly*, what should I do with her? I love thee and thy Family too well to lye with her, and my self too well to marry her; and I think a man has no excuse for himself that visits a Woman without design of lying with her one way or other.

Wood. Why, *Jack*, eight thousand pound and a handsome Wench of seventeen were no ill bargain.

Raines. But here's eight thousand pound, there's liberty, *Frank.* Would you be content to lye in *Ludgate* all your life time for eight thousand pound?

Wood. No, certainly.

Raines. Marriage is the worst of Prisons.

Bev. But by your leave, *Raines*, though Marriage be a Prison, yet you may make the Rules as large as those of the Kings Bench, that extend to the *East-Indies*.

Raines. O hang it. No more of that Ecclesiastical Mouse-Trap.

Wood. Prethee, speak more reverently of the happiest condition of life.

Raines. A married man is not to be believ'd. You are like the Fox in the Fable that had lost his Tail, and would have perswaded all others to lose theirs; you are one of the Parsons Decoy-Ducks, to wheedle poor innocent Fowls into the Net.

Wood. Why should'st thou think so ill of my Wife, to think I am not in earnest?

Raines. No application, *Frank*, I think thy Wife as good a Woman as a Wife can be.

Wood. She loves me extremely, is tolerable handsome, and I am sure virtuous.

Raines. That thou know'st, *Ned Bevil*.

[*Aside.*

Wood. 'Tis true, she values her self a little too much upon her Vertue, which makes her sometimes a little troublesome and impertinent.

Raines.

Raines. I never knew a Woman that pretended over much to Virtue, that either had it, or was not troublefom and impertinent.

Enter Bisket.

Raines. Mr. *Bisket*, good morrow to you.

Bisk. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Bew. This is *Raines* his most obsequious humble Cuckold, his Wife is a pretty impertinent Strumpet, and scorns to have any other Pimp but her own Husband, who all the while thinks her the innocentest Creature.

Wood. A glorious Punk! but what a despicable thing a Cuckold is; they look as if they had the mark of *Cain* upon 'em. I would not be a Cuckold for the World.

Bew. How blind a thing a Husband is!

[*Aside.*

Bisk. Now as I am an honest man, and would I might ne're stir, if I have not had such a life about you with my pretty *Adellie*, I would not have her so angry again for fifty pound, Cod-sniggs.

Raines. About me! what's the matter, man?

Bisk. Why, I promis'd to bring you to her last night, and got a little tipsy'd, as they say, and forgot it. She says you play the best at Cribach of any body, and she loves gaming mightily, and is as true a Gamester, though I say it.

Raines. I know it, man.

Bisk. Besides, she would fain learn that new Song of you; she says 'tis a rare one.

SINGS.

Thou shalt have any thing, thou shalt have me,

And I have one thing that will please thee.

'Tis such a pretty little innocent Rogue, and has such odd Fancies with her, ha, ha, ha—

Wood. Lord, what a strange Creature a Cuckold is! [*Aside.*

Bisk. But I swear, all that I could do to her could not please her this morning. Ifackings no body can satisfy her but you; therefore as you tender the quiet and welfare of a poor humble Husband, come and play at Cribach with her to day; for she

she loves Cribach most intemperately. I do wonder that a Woman should love Gaming so.

Raines. Faith I am half ingag'd.

Bisk. For Heavens sake, as you love me do not deny me, I shall have no quiet with her; besides, some *Cheapside* Neighbours of mine are to have a Game at Bowls, and a merry meeting this Afternoon, and she wishes the Waters may ne're go through her, if she'll give me leave to go to 'em, unless I bring you to her to keep her Company, and sing and play at Cards with her, therefore dear Mr. *Raines*.

Wood. This is beyond all Example.

Raines. Well, there is not in Nature so tame and inoffensive a Beast as a *London* Cuckold, I'll say that for him. [*Aside.*]

Wood. Prethee, *Jack*, do not refuse to go to my Cousin for a little Strumpet.

Raines. I cannot be so inhumane to refuse a Husband that invites me to his own Wife, Allons, Mr. *Bisket*.

Bisk. Come, good Sir, I thank you for this favour a thousand times; my Wife will be in a very good humour to day, Sir.

Raines. Go before, I'll follow you, and carry her this Kiss from me.

Bisk. I thank you, Sir, I'll carry it her poor Rogue, shee'll be overjoy'd; but pray don't stay long. [*Exit Bisket.*]

Enter a Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Are Mr. *Raines* and Mr. *Bevil* here?

Bev. Yes, we two are they.

Boy. Here's a Letter for you.

Wood. How now, Gentlemen, what an Affignation to both of you!

Raines. Upon my life, Ned, 'tis from the Ladies.

Reads. You two have injur'd a couple of Gentlemen that will expect you with your Swords in your hands at eleven in a Field on the North-side of the Church. If you fail, you shall not fail of being posted. Till you meet us, you shall not know our names, but know that we are worth the meeting, &c.

Bev.

Bev. This is a business of another nature, *Rains.*

Rains. We must to Tilts and Turnaments, *Ned*, sure they are the Bullies we saw just now.

Bev. From whom did you bring this, Boy?

Boy. From a couple of Gentlemen in Buff Belts, Red Coats, and Shammy Breeches.

Rains. 'Tis from them; sure they'll not fight.

Bev. But we must try whether they will or no: tell 'em we'll not fail.

Boy. I shall, Sir.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Rains. I have a business of another nature to dispatch, *Ned*; I'll meet before eleven at your lodging.

Bev. I have just such another business too; but I'll not fail to meet you— But how can you relish Mrs. *Bisbet* after the Lady you saw this morning?

Rains. I am not sure of her I saw this morning; besides, if I were, is it reasonable that a man that has a good stomach should refuse Mutton to day, because he expects Quails to morrow? but how can you in conscience think of Concupiscence, when for ought you know, we may venture our lives within two hours?

Bev. Since, for ought I know, my life may be in danger, I'll make use on't while it is not.

Rains. Adieu, *Woodly*, let's meet on the Bowling-green in the afternoon.

[*Exit Rains.*]

Wood. You are happy men, Gentlemen, but I am going to visit one that I love more than my eyes, and would give both of them to enjoy.

Bev. Aside. That's not his own Wife; I shall be safe enough there. I have an engagement too, and must leave you.

Wood. Adieu, we'll meet about five.

Bev. Agreed;—

[*Exit Bevil.*]

Wood. Now for my dear *Carolina*.—

Thus all the world by several ways does move.

But all the mighty business ends in love.

[*Exit.*]

D

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Clodpate, Lucia, and Carolina.

Luc. **P**Rethee stay with me, that I may be no longer pester'd with this Country Coxcomb.

Caro. Would'st thou have me so barbarous to interrupt Lovers.

Luc. He a Lover! yes, of a clear Title in his next Purchase, his Dapple Mare; a dear year of Corn, or so.

Caro. Come, he has as violent a substantial country passion for you, as one would wish; and I will leave you to him.

Luc. You mischievous creature, I'll be reveng'd on you.

[Exit Carolina.]

Clodp. If my propositions be not reasonable, I'll ne'r pretend to serve my Country more.

Luc. A pretty Country to be serv'd by such fellows. *Aside.*

Clodp. In that noble Brick-house, moted round with Turrets and fine things that I now spoke of, in the best hunting Country in *Europe*, with a thousand pounds a year will I joynture you.

Luc. 'Tis not profit, but honour I respect; and I have vow'd never to Marry one that cannot make me a Lady, and you are no Knight.

Clodp. A Knight, no I thank you; Why, I have known a Fishmonger Knighted: Knighthood's a pretty bawble for a fellow to play with that is no Gentleman. But what needs he that is a Gentleman desire to be more?

Luc. But, methinks, the name of *Clodpate* does not sound well without a title.

Clodp. I thank you heartily; my name is now *Hugh Clodpate*; and I should give two or three hundred pounds to add three letters to it, Sir *Hugh Clodpate*: no, no, I can't make so much on't again.

Luc. Oh, a Knight is such a thing!

Clodp. Such a thing! has he more hands or legs, or more brains than another man?

Luc. But if I could be content without being a Lady, I have vow'd to spend all my life in *London*. *Clodp.*

Clodp. *Prædon* *hien*; live in *London* did ſhe ſay? [*Aſide.*
Death, have you vow'd to live in *London* ſay you?

Luc. Yes, is that ſo wonderful? why people do really live
no where elſe; they breath, and move, and have a kind of in-
ſipid dull being: but there is no life but in *London*.

Clodp. *London*! that ſink of ſin.

Luc. I believe there is no Village but ſins as much in propor-
tion to the bigneſs; only your Country ſins are ſomething the
more block-headed ſins.

Clodp. Madam, give me leave to ask you one queſtion.

Luc. You may.

Clodp. Do you reſolve to live honeſt?

Luc. 'Tis a familiar queſtion; you had need to ask my leave
firſt.

Clodp. Why? you may as reaſonably expect to preſerve your
health in a Peſt-houſe, as your Chaſtity in that damn'd laſcivi-
ous Town.

Luc. You are rude, Sir.

Clodp. Come, Madam, plain dealing is a jewel. But can you
prefer an idle ſcandalous *London*-life, before a pretty innocent
huſwifely-life in the Country to look to your Family, and viſit
your Neighbours.

Luc. To ſee my Ducks and Geefe fed, and cram my own
Chickens.

Clodp. Ay.

Luc. To have my Cloſet ſtink like a Potheſcaries ſhop with
Drugs and Medicines; to adminiſter to my ſick Neighbours;
and ſpoil the next Quacks practice with the Receipt-book that
belongs to the Family.

Clodp. Very well.

Luc. And then to have one approv'd Green ſalve, and drefs
ſore Legs with it; and all this to deſerve the name of as good
a neighbourly body as ever came into *ſuſſex*.

Clodp. Very good.

Luc. Never to hear a Fiddle, but ſuch as ſounds worſe than
the Tongs and Key, or a Gridiron; never to read better Poe-
try, than *John Hopkins*, or *Robert Wiſdom*'s vile Metre; nor hear
better ſinging than a company of Peaſants praizing God with

doleful untunable hoarse voices, that are only fit to be heard under the Gallows.

Clodp. However you make bold with the Country, be not prophane. Is not this better than any thing in that stinking Town?

Luc. Stinking Town! I had rather be Countess of Puddledock, than Queen of *sussex*.

Clodp. Oh loh— but ah, the excellent fresh Air upon the Downs.

Luc. So there's fresh air in a Wilderness, if one could be content with Bears and Wolves for her companions. But, Sir, in short, I am resolv'd to live at *London*, and at, or very near the Court too.

Clodp. 'Sdeath the Court? I shall not only be Cuckolded, but lose all my true Country interest; Madam, I beg your pardon, I shall take my leave; I am not cut out for a *Londoner*, or a Courtier; fare you well, good Madam, though I like your person pretty well, I like not your conditions; I'de not Marry a *London* Cherubin.

Luc. Farewel, Sir, but I'll not be wholly ungrateful for the address you have honoured me with: know then my friend *Carolina* is the most averſe to *London*, and the most infatuated with the love of the Country.

Clodp. Ud's bud infatuated; pray change that word if you please.

Luc. You know my meaning by it; she and I are parting, because she will not with patience hear of returning to *London*; she calls it nothing but vain, obscene, wicked, filthy, Popish place.

Clodp. Ha! how's this? I did not think she had so much sense. [*Aside.*

Luc. She often says she had rather marry a Country Justice of five hundred pounds a year, than a man of five thousand pounds a year in *London*. Nay, than a Duke at Court.

Clodp. *Aside.* She's an ingenuous woman Guds-looks; I had rather marry her naked, than you with all your portion, Madam. [*To her.*

But a Pox on't, I had damn'd ill luck to make my application to you first, as the Devil would have it.

Luc.

Luc. This is a very Country Courtier— Here she comes, let's withdraw; I will tell you more, and we'll consult about this business.

Clodp. Your servant, Madam. [*Exeunt Clodpate, Lucia.*]

Enter Carolina and Woodly.

Wood. How can you mistrust a man in so credible a thing?

Caro. As what?

Wood. As that he should love the prettiest, sweetest, dearest creature he ever saw—

Caro. So far from that, I believe, he will love all the prettiest, sweetest, dearest Creatures, as he calls 'em, that he ever shall see: but you have paid that tribute already, to virtuous Madam Woodly, and are Marry'd.

Wood. I am so, and there's the less danger in my love; I should else be tempting you to accept me for better for worse till death us depart, &c. Now, Madam, take my heart upon its good behaviour, as much as you have use on, and the rest again, and no hurt done.

Caro. Where there are so many free; why should I venture upon a heart with so manifest a flaw in the Title as a Marry'd mans.

Wood. Faith, there are none without their incumbrances; your fashionable Spark has his Miss in the Play-house; your Ladies eldest Son his Mothers Chamber-maid; The Country Gentleman his Tenants Daughter; A handsome young fellow that is to make his Fortune, some elderly Sinner that keeps him fine, so that Marriage is the least engagement of all; for that only points out where a man cannot love.

Caro. Since Marriage obliges men so little, and women so much; I wonder we endure the cheat on't.

Wood. Y'are in the right, 'tis worse than Cross I win, Pile you lose: but there are some left that can love upon the square.

Caro. A woman may be undone upon the square, as well as a Gamester, if she ventures too much.

Wood. Never so long as you play for nothing but what you have.

have about you; and, upon my honour, I would engage you no deeper at this time; 'tis tick and after reckonings that ruine Lovers, as well as Gamesters; and, Gad, if you mistrust me, I am ready to make stakes; and because y'are a young beginner, I'll play three to one.

Caro. Not so fast, good Sir, you'll make me quit the few good thoughts I had of you, if you persist.

Wood. Persist in loving you I must till death; but the method and ceremonies I leave to you to prescribe. I guess'd you would not care for a whining Lover.

Caro. Nor do I care for one in your extremity the other way.

Wood. Take your choice; I can make love from the stiff formal way of the year 42. to the gay brisk way of this present day and hour.

Caro. Since I suppose it is for diversion, pray let me see how that is.

Wood. Look you thus. [*Sings, dances, and combs his Peruke.*]

Caro. Is this it? why, you don't mind me?

Wood. I mind my self though, and am to make you fall in love with me after a careless way by the by.

Caro. When do you begin?

Wood. Begin, why? I am at it all this while.

[*Sings and dances again,*]

Now have at you, these Breasts are not hard to speak on; no, nor this Neck white; nor those Eyes black. Lord how you look to day! that ever a man should love such a Creature; what will you give me for a piece when y'are mother of the maids?

Caro. Must I answer you like a Lady of the times too?

Wood. Ay, by all means, Madam.

Caro. This Mr. *Woodly* is the strangest man, he wou'd make one dye to hear him, I vow, ha, ha, ha.

Wood. Lord, what a set of teeth you shew when you laugh! if they were mine, I'd pull 'em out; sure your breath can't be sweet, let me see.

[*Offers to kiss her.*]

Caro. Well, I vow you'r a pleasant man, but you go too fast.

Wood. For your Lover of the last Age I grant you; but the world

World is well mended since, fair Ladies and fortified Towns
yield upon easier terms now a-days.

[Offers to kiss her again.

Now I see you dare not stand the tryal, 'tis e'en so; I'll be
hang'd if you han't crooked Legs too.

[Offers to lift up her Coats.

Caro. I had rather you should think so than take the pains
to satisfie you; but I vow you'd make one burst, you have
such a way with you, ha, ha, ha.

Wood. I hate to live in doubt, you have a pretty Face; but
an ill Breath and crooked Legs, Gad, are insufferable.

Caro. Is this your new way? I have enough on't, no more
drinking my health in a Beer-glass, and quarrelling with the
man that can't pledge. Scribbling your passion in Glass-win-
dows, and wearing my Colours continually I can better endure;
but now I talk of scribbling, divert me a little better, and give
me the Song you promis'd me.

Wood. I have taught it your Woman, who I conceive has
something a better voice than I, she's here too.

Caro. Sing that Song Mr. Woodly taught you.

She Sings.

*How pleasant is mutual Love that is true,
Then Phillis let us our affections unite;
For the more you love me, the more I love you,
The more we contribute to each others delight:
For they that enjoy without loving first,
Still eat without stomach, and drink without thirst.*

*Such is the poor Fool who loves upon duty,
Because a Canonical Coxcomb has made him;
And ne're tastes the sweets of love and of beauty,
But drudges because a dull Priest has betray'd him;
But who in enjoyment from love take their measure,
Are rapt with delight, and still ravish'd with pleasure.*

Each

*Each night be's a Bridegroom, and she is a Bride.
When their minds and their bodies shall both so agree;
That neither shall pleasure from the other divide,
But both at one instant shall satisfy'd be;
Let Fools for convenience be drawn to their love,
But this is the way real pleasure to prove.*

Enter Clodpate and Lucia.

Luc. So, you are pleasant here, Mr. *Clodpate*, how do you like this Song? 'tis a *London Song*.

Clodp. Ay, Pox on't, I hate it for it; when I had the misfortune to know that damn'd Town first, they had better Songs by half; they put no wit in their Songs now adays.

Caro. Pray do us the favour to Sing one of those you speak of.

Clodp. Faith, Madam, I have but an ordinary voice, but I cannot disobey you.

Sings ridiculously this old Song.

*Lay by your pleading,
Lambs lies a bleeding, &c.*

Wood. What an incomprehensible block-head is this.

Clodp. This pleases us in the Country; I know you like it ne're the worse, Madam.

Caro. Nor much the better.

Clodp. Come, Madam, I am sure you love a Country life, and hate that vile Town of *London*; and I honour you for't.

Caro. I hate *London*!

Clodp. I knew you would dissemble it, but I know your heart; 'tis true, indeed, 'tis a vain obscene wicked filthy popish place.

Caro. What means the Worshipful Fop?

Clodp. And a Virtuous Lady had better Marry a Country Justice of five hundred pounds a year, than one in *London* of five thousand pounds; nay, than a Duke at Court—'tis granted, Madam, 'tis granted.

Caro. It may be granted by you, but not by me.

Clodp. There are some such fools to refuse good offers; but there are others have more wit, Heaven be prais'd.

Caro. Sure

Caro. Sure you have been at cross purposes of late, Mr. *Clodpate*.

Clodp. No, Madam, but I know you hate *Sodom* yonder; foh--- methinks I smell it hither; let me tell you in private, I would not marry Mrs. *Lucia* if she had fifty thousand pounds; Ud's bud, marry one that would live at *London*, nay at Court! No, I had rather go to Sea in a Fire-ship; but I'll shew you the finest seat in *Sussex*, which you shall call your own.

Caro. What do you mean by this?

Clodp. All this I know very well, and though by the Sot her Uncle I was misguided to Mrs. *Lucia*, 'tis to you, Madam, my affection first inclin'd.

Caro. Ah mischief, have you contriv'd this? you thought to punish me much, but I had rather have such a fellow to Fool with, than a lap Dog, or a Squirrel; abusing of a Fool is almost as pleasant as conversing with a witty Man.

Luc. 'Tis true, now I consider it, and he that's laugh'd at is oft times as good Company as he that laughs, nay, some have rais'd their fortunes by it; but you forget our appointment; pray let's go.

Caro. Ay, prithee, My dear. Gentlemen, we must leave you; your servant.

Wood. Will you not let me wait on you?

Caro. By no means, 'tis a private affair.

Clodp. Shall not I wait on you?

Caro. I shall not refuse the favour another time, but now I must beg your pardon.

Luc. Allons, let's meet the Duellists, I warrant you they are men of honour.

Clodp. Come, I am going a setting, will you go?

[*Ex. Luc. and Caro.*]

Wood. No, I must go home.

[*Ex. Clodpate.*]

Enter Fribble, and Dorothy his Wife.

Fribb. Whither are you a going Mr. *Woodly*? will you not go to the Bowling-Green to day?

Wood. Yes, perhaps in the Afternoon,---Adieu [Ex. *Woodly*.]

E

Fribb.

Fribb. Why do you follow me with your Impertinence?

Doro. My dear honey, how have I offended thee? did I not with my own hands put thee to Bed when thou wert fuddled last night? did I not set thy Bottle of small Beer by thy Bedside? did I not rise early and make thee a Caudle when thou wert puking, and gave thee *Aqua Mirabilis*, to fetch up the Water off thy Stomach?

Fribb. All this you did, and 'twas your Duty, but you are strangely troublesome.

Dor. Think not my Love a trouble Dear; I speak for thy good, prethee do not go abroad to day, thou'lt kill thy self with drinking, and thy Death will be sure to kill me.

Fribb. You are impertinent, I'll go, let that suffice.

Dor. You are shrewdly mistaken if you think I desire your Company. But I am sure this is the way to berid on't. [*Aside.*

Fribb. I am to meet Mr. *Biscket*, and some *Cheapside* Neighbours, be silent, my will is like the Laws of the Maids and Parsons.

Dor. I cannot hide my love and fears from thee; prithee, dearest, kiss me.

Fribb. I say again, Peace, I shall be much offended.

Dor. Thou art a naughty man, and alwayes abroad while I am languishing for thee; and I have thee but two dayes in a Week at *Epsom*.

Fribb. Know your Lord and Master, and be subject to my Government; I though but a Haberdasher will be as absolute a Monarch over you, as the great Turk over his Sultan Queen.

Dor. Well, I can but submit and weep for thy absence.

Fribb. Can't you keep Company with Mrs *Biscket*?

Dor. What thou pleasest, my Dear.

So you'll go and not hinder me from better Company. [*Aside.*

Fribb. Well, I have the most Virtuous, and best Govern'd Wife in all the Ward; but I must observe Discipline, and keep a strict hand over her.

Dor. I am an unfortunate Woman not to have thy Company; so I am.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Bisket.

Mrs. Bisk. What, in tears *Mrs. Fribble*! this is that naughty man; out on thee, thou art a shame to all Husbands, thou woud'st be so insolent to command thy own Wife; woud'st thou use thy own flesh, thy own rib so, out upon thee.

Frib. I am my own Master, and will be hers.

Mrs. Bisk. Ah, thou art a good one i'faith; and thou wer't mine, I'd teach thee better manners.

Frib. Dorothy, listen not to this lewd Woman, her Husband is a sneaking, sniveling Cuckold; if you should be like her, I would make you such a terrible Example! *Mrs. Bisket*, you are impertinent, were I your Husband, I would swinge you much.

Mrs. Bisk. Swinge me, say you, I could tear thy Eyes out. Death if you provoke me, I'll show you what the Courage of an enraged Woman can do.

Doro. Nay, good *Mrs. Bisket*, *Mr. Fribble* is a good Man for all his passion.

Mrs. Bisk. Swinge me.—

Frib. This Woman is as outrageous as a Milch Bear that wants her Breakfast. Fare you well. [Ex.]

Mrs. Bisk. Come Neighbour, you are a shame to all Wives to be so tame and foolish; pluck up a Spirit, and order him as I do my *Bisket*.

Dor. This is the only way to order a surly Husband.

Mrs. Bisk. I am asham'd of you, you betray our cause; submit to a Husband! I'd fain see that Husband that I'd crouch to. I say again pluck up a Spirit; I keep a strict hand of Discipline over mine.

Enter Bisket.

Here he comes, you shall see how I order him.

Bisket. How now my pretty Dear, poor Duck.

Mrs. Bisk. Duck, you Widgeon; how came you and I so familiar? observe me now. [Aside.]

Bisk. Well, *Mrs. Fribble*, 'tis such a pretty Rogue, and has
E 2 such

such pleasant fancies with her, ha, ha, ha. I protest and vow I could kiss the very ground she goes on. If she would eat Gold, nay Pearls and Diamonds, she should have them, I vow and swear.

Mrs. *Bisk*. You Beast, you had best be drunk agen, i'faith I'll order you, I'll keep you in better awe, you shall neither have Caudel nor Custard for't this week.

Bisk. Nay, good Dear, be not so cruel, I protest and vow I could not help it: my Neighbour *Fribble* is a very merry man, I could not forbear, we were at it, Tory Rory, and sung old Rose, the Song that you love so, Duck.

Thou shalt have any thing, thou shalt have me, &c.

Mrs. *Bisk*. Ay, Mr. *Fribble* maintains his Wife like a Lady, and she has all things about her as well as any Woman in the Parish, he keeps her the prettiest pacing Nag with the finest Side-saddle of any Womans in the Ward, and lets her take her pleasure at *Epsom* two months together.

Doro. Ay, that's because the Air's good to make one be with Child, and he longs mightily for a Child; and truly, Neighbour, I use all the means I can, since he is so desirous of one.

Bisk. All this thou shalt do, my Dear; I'll omit nothing that shall please thee.

Mrs. *Bisk*. Yes, you Nicompoop, you are a pretty Fellow to please a Woman indeed.

Bisk. But prethee, my Dear, let me go to the Bowling-green to my Neighbours: would I might ne'er stir, if I drink above a pint of Wine, or a quart of Mum for my share at most.

Mrs. *Bisk*. You impertinent Puppy, I wonder you have the impudence to ask me such a question.

[She gives him a slap on the face.]

Bisk. Mrs. *Fribble*, my pretty *Mollie* has some humours, but this is the worst you'll see of her.

Doro. How rarely she orders a Husband! I vow I think I must pluck up a spirit as she does, that's the truth on't.

Mrs. *Bisk*. Where's Mr. *Rains*, you Lolpoop? do you think you shall go, and he not here?

Bisk. O Duck, he'll be here presently, and sent thee a kiss by me.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, I warrant he'd kiss such a Fellow as thee.

Bisk. I vow he did; prethee take it of me, my Dear.

Mrs. Bisk. I'll swear he's a fine person. Well, because it comes from him, I'll take it; he's the compleatest man, and so courteous and well-behav'd.

Bisk. Now thou'lt let me go.

Mrs. Bisk. No not till he comes.

Bisk. Nay, good Dear.

Mrs. Bisk. I tell you you shall not; get you in.

Bisk. Pray, Duck, now.

Doro. I never saw any thing so admirable as this Discipline of hers; I am resolv'd to try my *Fribble*, that's once.

Bisk. Why, look here he is now already.

Enter Rains.

Doro. Oh me! is he acquainted with her? [*Aside.*

Mrs. Bisk. Does he know her? [*Aside.*

Bisk. I'll steal away and say nothing. [*Ex. Bisket.*

Mrs. Bisk. Come, Mr. *Rains*, let's in. *Mrs. Fribble*, your Servant.

Doro. Madam, I'll wait on you in; Mr. *Rains* will not think my Company troublesome.

Mrs. Bisk. Ah, shame on her. [*Aside.*

We shall entertain you but ill. Mr. *Rains* is pleas'd to come and play at Cribach with me, and 'twill be no sport to look on.

Doro. I'll make one at Gleeck, that's better than any two-handed Game.

Mrs. Bisk. I do not think so, by your leave, Madam *Fribble*, Oh Impertinence!

Doro. Well then, I'll be content to be a looker on for once. She would fain have him to her self, but I'll look to her for that. [*Aside.*

[*Ex. Rains, Dorothy, Mrs. Bisket.*

Enter Mrs. Woodly in a Dining-room.

Mrs. Wood. Mr. *Bevil* stays mighty long, pray Heaven he be not diverted by some paltry Citizens Wife; here are such a Company of them that lie upon the snap for young Gentlemen, as Rooks and Bullies do for their Husbands when they come to Town. Enter

Enter Bevil.

Bev. Madam, your Servant.

Mrs. Wood. O Mr. *Bevil*, are you come? I vow I was afraid I had lost you. A Woman that's apt to be jealous as I am, should not make such a person the object of her affections.

Bev. Words are the common payment of those that intend no other. There is no such sign of having been long fasting, as falling to with a good stomach.

Mrs. Wood. I am so afraid you should be seduc'd by some of these naughty Women at *Epsom*. A shame take 'em, I hate a lewd Woman with my heart, I vow I do now.

Bev. Madam, I have a very pressing affair that requires some speedy conference with you in your Bed-chamber.

Mrs. Wood. No, Sir, no---- I wonder you have the confidence to ask me, when you were so rude to me there last time.

Bev. I do not know what she calls rude. I am sure I oblig'd her as often as I could there.

Mrs. Wood. One can't be private with you, but you are so uncivil presently. I can scarce forgive you; I wonder who learns you such tricks for my part.

Bev. If I were ne're so backward, she'd soon instruct me. I am not so ill-bred, but I know what I owe to a Lady. Come, Dearest.

Mrs. Wood. Do not ask me; I vow I won't. You are the strangest man that I ever met with, you won't let one alone; nay pish, fy, Mr. *Bevil*, aren't you asham'd?

Bev. No more, nay, Dear, come in, come in.

Mrs. Wood. Nay, pish, ha, ha, ha, ha. I vow you make me blush; get you gone, you naughty man you.

Bev. You make me outrageous; I shall force you, have a care.

Mrs. Wood. Well, I vow you are a parlous man. Will you promise me then to sit still when you are there, and not stir hand or foot.

Bev. Ay, Ay, come, come.

Mrs. Wood. Nay, but will you swear?

Bev. Yes, yes, come allons, my Dearest, she'll soon dispense with that Oath.

Mrs. Wood. Well, I am so asham'd, I vow I would not go, but

but that you said you would force me, and swore too besides.

[As they are going into the Bed-chamber enter Peg.

Peg. Madam, here's my Master just coming in a doors.

[Ex. Peg instantly.

Mrs. Wood. Heaven! what shall I do?

Bev. I told him I had private business, to get rid of him, and he'll discover all.

Mrs. Wood. Go into the Bed-chamber, I'll lock it.

Bev. But how will you get rid of him?

Mrs. Wood. Let me alone, this is an unlucky surprise, in quickly.

Bev. If I should be locked up so long till I fail Rains, and our fighting appointment, I shall get much honour, I take it.

[Bev. goes in.

Mrs. Wood. In, in,

[Exit Woodly.

O you unworthy Fellow; have you the impudence to appear before me after your beastly usage?

Wood. I thought your fit might have been off by this time.

Mrs. Wood. No, it shall never be off, thou inhumane Beast; to sit up nights late, and come home drunk and wake me, and lie like a Statue by me all the rest of the night, flesh and blood can't bear it; you make me cry my Eyes out, to see that you'll kill your self by your villainous debauchery.

Woodly while?

she scolds sings. Fa, la, la, la, fa.

Mrs. Wood. Fa, la, la, la. Is that the notice you take of me? If I were not the best Woman in the World, and did not love thee, thou base Fellow, I would not trouble me. Oh that I should be so unfortunate, so bewitch'd, to love such a Monster of a man!

Wood. Fa, la, la, la, Oh Impudence!

Mrs. Wood. I wonder what I should see in thee to love thee so, out on thee for a Villain. Oh that I could withdraw my affection from thee; thou Brute! but I can't for my life, 'tis that makes me miserable, thou barbarous wicked Wretch.

Wood. If to seek quiet abroad, when one can't have it at home, be a sin, Heaven help the wicked, but pox on't!

Mrs. Wood. Ay, now you ban and curse, you Wretch; this you

you get by keeping Company with Wits; as you call them, a Company of wicked Fellows, the Scum of the Nation, Fellows that have no Religion in 'em, that swear, and drink, and wench, and never consider me that am disconsolate at home.

Wood. Oh the incomprehensible blessings of Matrimony!

Mrs. Wood. If I were so perfidious and false to take pleasure in a Gallant in the absence of my Husband; but I am too honest, too virtuous for thee, thou ingrateful Wretch: besides, if my Conscience would give me leave, I love you too well for that, you barbarous base Fellow.

Wood. A Pox on her troublesome Vertue, would to Heaven she were a Whore, I should know then what to do with her. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Wood. Other Women can be happy, and have their Husbands carry 'em abroad and delight in their Company, and be proud to be seen with them; but I have such an inhumane, ingrateful Creature to mine!

Wood. Come, come, I confess I am behind-hand with you, but I'll pay thee all thy arrears, I have a stock in bank.

Mrs. Wood. Heaven, what shall I do? [*Embraces her.*

Wood. Where's the Key? I'll break open the door.

Mrs. Wood. Let the Key alone, go get you gone, I am not so impatient, but I'll trust you till night, I should leave open the door, and let all my things be lost; go get you gone, you naughty man, I love you too well to hold out long.

Wood. Well, now you'll come to your self, and speak reason, and have left off railing, I'll go and encourage my self with eating and drinking well, and return and pay you the foresaid sum with interest. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Wood. Are you gone? Joy be with you, and more with opens the door. I me, Mrs. Wood.

Enter Bevil. Madam, is he gone? O

Mrs. Wood. Yes, now I hope we shall be safe from further interruption.

Bev. Sideath, this accident has frightened me so, that I am afraid to venture, lest I should be taken Prisoner again, and dis-appoint the Duellists. [*Aside.*

And

And yet I will; come, Madam.

Enter Peg.

Peg. Madam, here's Mrs. *Jilt* coming up to give you a Visit.

Mrs. Wood. Why did you not deny me, Huswife, must that vain silly Wench come to trouble us at such a time too? [*Aside.*

Bev. That is she that reports every man that she sees is in Love with her, and would marry her, and has been a Whore these seven years. I will take my leave, I see this is an unfortunate day.

Mrs. Wood. No, I'll get rid of her soon by some Trick or other.

Bev. 'Tis impossible. I'll wait on you an hour or two hence, but now I am engag'd upon my reputation, and must not break my engagement. Your Servant. [*Ex. Bevil.*

Mrs. Wood. In such haste there must be something more than ordinary in't, I long to know it. *Peg*, go and dog Mr. *Bevil* at a distance, till you have fixt him somewhere, and let me have an account of the reason of his haste.

Peg. I'll not fail.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Rains in the Field.

Rains. I wonder *Bevil* stays so long, this Mrs. *Woodly* has no mercy on him, there's some cross accident or other; for methinks after a year or two's intrigue he should not be so very Termaquant a Fellow; if these Roguy Bullies should come; but methinks they are a little slow too. Oh *Bevil*, are you come?

Enter Bevil.

Bev. I beg your pardon, *Jack*, I have been lock'd up to save the Honour of a Lady, whose Husband came in most uncivilly without giving us warning enough of it.

Rains. Was that it? But the Rogues begin to think 'twill come to Battail, and their hearts misgive 'em.

Bev. I was afraid of this. A Hector dares no more fight than be honest, and yet 'tis strange they should make it their Trade when they are so little fit for't.

Rains. 'Tis so in all Mankind, they are most violently bent upon the things they are least capable of, as if it were in spite of Nature.

Bev. 'Tis true, so I have observ'd while a wife man that's fit

for employment is restrained by his modesty; your pragmatick dull Fool thrusts himself forward into policy and business.

Rains. Great business qualifies men for great business, there's nothing but order and road in it; your Mill horse is a Creature of great business. The methodical Block-head that is as regular as a Clock, and as little knows why he is so, is the man cut out by Nature and Fortune for business and government.

Enter Carolina and Lucia disguised.

Hold, here come two sprightly Girls, this may prove the softer and pleasanter encounter of the two.

Caro. I see they are men of Honour, and will answer a Challenge.

Luc. Now are they meditating on blood, what a disappointment they'll have. Well, men that are so punctual in their anger would fure be so in their love.

Bev. Ladies, having the Honour to meet you in so solitary a place, we cannot but offer you our Service.

Luc. You look as if you stay'd here to make Ladies stand and deliver.

Enter Peg.

Rains. If you should deliver your best Jewel, I'de be very honest, and make but a little use on't for the present, and you should carry it away with you ne're the worse.

Luc. I know the Law too well to compound a Felony. If you should take any thing of mine, you should e'en keep it as long as you live, but I'de prosecute you for it.

Peg. 'Tis enough, this is Mr. Bevil's engagement, that's Carolina, and the other is Mrs. Lucia. [Exit.]

Caro. Ye don't look as if you would make Love, but War; ye have long Swords, and your hair tuck'd up.

Bev. If we were never so much inclin'd to War, you have power to soften us into Peace.

Rains. They are pleasant Wenches; if they are handsome, we are undone.

Bev. Twice in a day catch'd with Vizard Masks! [To Bevil.]

Caro.

Caro. What wild Fellows hands are we fallen into? they run
all, you see, they know us not. [To Lucia.
Luc. Oh, if witty men had but the constancy of Fools, what
Jewels were they? [To Carolina.

Rains. Ladies, pray lay by your disguises, and let's converse
upon the square.

Caro. You make all Prize, Gentlemen; but I'll venture to
show my face to you, Sir, if you'll give me your word not to
discover it to your Friend. [To Rains.

Rains. I do, Madam.

Luc. And you shall see mine upon that condition. [To Bevil.

Bev. Upon my Honour I will not discover you.

[They pull off their Masks.

Rains. Ha, who's this? this is a Trick. [Aside.

Madam, I confess you are very beautiful. I had the misfortune
to lose a Heart this morning in your Company, but I think Ma-
dam, you did not take it up; but my Friend has something to
accuse you of.

Bev. I cannot invade the propriety of my Friend, though I
must confess the great temptation would excuse the crime.

Rains. This is the Lady I must apprehend. [To Lucia.

Rev. And, Madam, I must seize upon you. [To Carolina.

Caro. Who says they are not a couple of constant men?

Bev. What, I warrant, you think we did not know you?

Luc. O yes, as *Falstaff* did the true Prince by instinct. You
are brisk men, I see you run at all.

Rains. The wilder we are, the more honour you'll have in
reclaiming us.

Bev. 'Tis in your power to make us a couple of as constant
dull Fellows as ye could wish.

Caro. Ye have constancy enough of all conscience, for the
use we shall have of it.

Luc. And for dulness, for our own sakes we do not wish it
you, since I find ye are resolv'd to be acquainted with us, whe-
ther we will or no.

Caro. Is it not pity that witty men should be so scandalous,
that if we converse with them, we must do it with the same
privacy that Statesmen debauch?

Bev.

Bev. If wit be a scandalous thing, you are the most scandalous Women I have met with; but methinks Fools should rather be scandalous, since they can have but one way of passing their time with you.

Luc. You rally well, but your wit is never without extravagancy; you drink *Burgundy* perpetually, and Sooner as you call it.

Bev. We hate debauching, but love complaisance, Madam. And can no more deny a Friend that calls for another Bottle, than you can deny to turn up a Card at *Ombro*.

Rains. We use Wine, Madam, to elevate our thoughts; but Love has don't for me a pleasanter way.

Bev. And, Madam, your Beauty has already reclaim'd me.

Luc. If y'are as soon drunk as y'are in love, y'are the weakest Drinkers in Christendom.

Rains. You see, Madam, the strength and spirit of your Beauty.

Luc. For love I bar you: can't we converse without remembering we are of different Sexes?

Caro. If you will accept of such conditions, we may sometimes admit you into our Privy-Council.

Rains. Would you have us spend our time like some visiting Fools, that never aspire at more, than playing at *Langtriloo* with Women, all days of their lives?

Bev. Our communication would then be as dull and insipid, as the mirth of Statesmen.

Enter Cuff and Kick.

Luc. Yonder's Company coming; such scandal has want of discretion brought upon your wit, that we dare not stay with you.

Rains. Let's have the honour to know your Names and Lodgings before you go.

Caro. Our Names are *Carolina* and *Lucia*; our Lodgings next House to Mr. *Woodly's* nearer the Wells.

Bev. The Rogues are come at last. [*Car. and Luc. retire.*]

Cuff. Let's make to the Bowling-Green, we shall be too late to begin to engage and bubble the Citizens.

Kick.

Kick. Who are these make toward us?

Luc. What do *Rains* and *Bevil* make up to you two for?

Caro. We have done finely, if our feigned Challenge should occasion a real Duel-----Let's stay and observe.

Rains. Come, Gentlemen, you are very late.

Cuff. I hope we shall be time enough there.

Bev. Y'have done scurvily to make us wait so long, we are not us'd to it.

Kick. What the Devil do they mean, *Cuff*?

Bev. Come, prepare.

Cuff. Prepare, to what?

Rains. 'Sdeath, ye Rascals, do you trifle with us? Come Draw.

Kick. Draw, Sir, why should we draw, Sir?

Cuff. What, this is for the Ladies in the morning, ne're be jealous of us, Gad take me we resign to ye.

Rains. Why, what impudent Rascals are ye, did not you send this Challenge?

Kick. We send a Challenge, Sir!

Rains. Y'are a couple of harden'd Cowards.

Kick. Cowards, Gad take me, ye were never so much in the wrong in your life.

Cuff. But I believe if you did not think us Cowards, you'd scarce call us so.

Bev. Ye shall be very much kick'd.

Kick. We scorn to be kick'd, Sir.

Cuff. I see some body behind the Trees, *Kick*; draw and be valiant. Kick'd d' ye say! I'd fain see that.

[They draw, and fight retiring.]

Enter Lucia and Carolina.

Luc. Hold, hold, Gentlemen.

Caro. Hear us, what do you do?

Luc. Hold for Heavens sake.

Rains. Oh you nimble-footed Rogues! we cannot run so fast forward as you do backward.

Caro. What's the matter, Gentlemen?

Bev.

Bev. These Fellows sent us a Challenge, and then disown'd it.

Kick. As God mend me, not we: But if we be not reveng'd on 'em *Cuff*.

Cuff. What a Pox ail they, we ne'r trouble such as they are, if they'l be quiet we know our men.

Luc. No, to our knowledge they did not send the Challenge.

Caro. The Challenge was sent by better Friends of yours, but such as would be as loth to engage with you at this Weapon, as they are, and would not have discovered this but to prevent bloodshed.

Rains. Oh, is it so, Ladies?

Bev. 'Sdeath, what dull Rogues were we. Gentlemen, ye may go.

Kick. Well, Sir, fare you well.

Cuff. Who cares, you may pay for this though—

[*Ex. Cuff and Kick.*

Rains. Had you a mind to try our courage? Gad we would have met ye in any ground in Christendom, without being dar'd to't.

Luc. We did send the Challenge, and are here to answer ye; make your best on't.

Bev. Faith, Ladies, if you shrink from us now, we shall think ye have as little Honour as yon Bullies have.

Caro. We did not doubt your Honour, and pray don't you doubt ours.

Luc. We know you have too much wit to be vain upon this, and too much generosity to impute it to our weakness. We told ye you should hear from us, and we kept our words, not thinking of this accident.

Caro. We had no may to quit the obligations you did us in the morning, but this.

Rains. But, Ladies, I hope you'l give us leave now, to meet without these preparations, though we should be glad to meet you upon any terms.

Bev. Shall we have free admittance?

Caro. So long as you use your freedom wisely.

Luc.

Luc. But let us now part in the next Field, and when you see us, still take this rule with you.

*Think not what's pleasant, but what's just and fit,
And let discretion bridle in your wit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Woodly and Peg.

Mrs. Wood. ARE you sure *Bevil* met with *Carolina*?
Pegg. I am sure 'twas one in her dress, and
Mr. Rains walk'd with *Mrs. Lucia*; but I do not know but
they might meet by accident.

Mrs. Wood. I'll soon try that. Find some means to convey
this Note to *Bevil*, as from *Carolina*.

Peg. I will, Madam, and give you an account of it.

[Exit Peg.]

Mrs. Wood. If he be false, I shall soon turn my love into re-
venge.

Enter Mrs. Jilt.

Jilt. Madam, I beg your Ladiships pardon, I have staid too
long within; my Maid brought me a Love Letter from a sweet
fine person indeed, and I vow I could not but answer it.

Mrs. Wood. No doubt you had reason.

Am I sacrific'd to *Carolina*?

[Aside.]

Jilt. He's in the saddest condition for me, just for all the
world like a man in a Consumption; I'll swear 'twould grieve
your heart to see him: I'll swear it would, Madam---

Mrs. Wood. And why were you so cruel?

Jilt. I vow I am the strangest person for that in the whole
world; I could not marry a Prince if I did not like his person
strangely, and I have a world of choice, upon my word that's
all, I'll swear it is.

Mrs. Wood.

Mrs. Wood. Since you have such choice, why are you unmarried two days?

Filt. I have such an odd fancy, Madam, I am so nice and hard to please, and I vow I don't care for Marriage, but that I would be a little set'd in the World, that's all; there's Mr. Bevil, Oh he loves me dearly!

Mrs. Wood. Love her! how she stabs me. [Aside.

Filt. And I'll swear he's a fine person, I have the prettiest, sweetest, delicate Letters from him every day.

Mrs. Wood. What says she? [Aside.

Filt. Your Ladiship will be secret, I know: he has a strange passion for me; upon my word he sighs and sits with his Arms a-cross, and makes *Donx yeux* upon me; I'll swear 'twould do your Ladiship good to see him. Now I think on't I'll show your Ladiship the kindest Letters from him. I have so many Love-letters, I vow I can scarce find it. I have twice as many come to me in a week. [She pulls out a great bundle of Letters.

Mrs. Wood. Vain silly Creature!

Filt. Oh here's one of his hand!

Mrs. Wood. Heaven, it is his hand.

Mrs. Filt.

Mrs. Wood. Reads, I wonder at the occasion of your mistrust; unless you have been tampering with some body else; I am very well, and drink much Hockamore, and perhaps have given you more occasion for a Midwife than a Surgeon.

July 22. 72. Bevil.

O perfidious Wretch! this is since my Intrigue with him. This will distract me; I could tear him in pieces.

Filt. Your Ladiship is disturb'd at something.

Mrs. Wood. No, no; but this is a very familiar Love-letter, as you call it.

Filt. Oh mischief! that I should put this among the rest of my Letters; but I'll face her down in it, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Wood. What's the cause of your laughter?

Filt. Ha, ha, ha, to see what a ridiculous mistake this was. It seems there's a Wench in Covent-garden of my Name, and Mr. Bevil Man brought this Note to me instead of her; I'll swear he did, ha, ha.

Mrs. Wood. Oh Impudence!

Filt.

Jilt. We had such a quarrel about it, I did not speak to him for three days after, I vow I did not. [Enter Peg.

Mrs. Wood. How now, Peg, what News of Bevil?

Peg. I got a Maid of my acquaintance to deliver the Note to him, which he received with the greatest Joy imaginable, and said he would wait on her instantly.

Mrs. Wood. Oh perfidious Wretch! I'll to him immediately. Excuse me, *Mrs. Jilt*, I am in great haste. [Ex. *Mrs. Woodly*.

Jilt. Your Servant, sweet Madam. She's strangely nettled about something. Well, now we are alone, Sister, I'll own thee; I hope your Lady knows not that we are of Kin.

Peg. No nor any body else here.

Jilt. Prithee keep it secret still, that I may be taken for a greater person than I am; it will further my designs.

Peg. But I wonder you will not bend all your designs upon Mr. Clodpate.

Jilt. I have baits ready for him, I can humour him to a hair; but I'll lay by no design that can get me any manner of Husband, that's once. But 'tis strange Clodpate and I should not meet, I lying in this house too, where he comes often.

Peg. Next time he comes to visit my Master, I'll give you notice.

Enter Clodpate.

Jilt. Oh me! he's here to our wish, and we alone; remember your Cue.

Clodp. Mr. Woodly is not here I see.

Jilt. Oh that villainous lewd Town of London! how happy am I that am out on't, nothing shall ever persuade me thither again.

Peg. Why? Sir William your Father sent you thither for Breeding.

Jilt. Breeding, yes; could I not play, I am the Duke of Norfolk, Green Sleeves, and the fourth Psalm upon the Virginals; and did I not learn, and could play six Lessons upon the Viol de Gambo before I went to that nasty, stinking, wicked Town; out on't?

Clodp. Ud's bud, this is an ingenious Woman.

Peg. Besides, Madam, though you be a Person of Quality,
G and

and have a good portion, yet *London* is the properest place to get a Husband in.

Jilt. Oh foh--- I'll swear I had rather marry a Farmer of forty pound a year in the Country, than a vain, idle, fluttering, foolish *London*-Fellow of two thousand pound a year. Oh the pleasure of a pretty innocent Country-life!

Clodp. Ud'fooks she's i'th' righ; as God judge me, she's a judicious person.

Peg. Oh hang a dull silly Country-life.

Clodp. A Pox on that Carrion, how I could beat her.

Jilt. Out on thee for a foolish Wench; were I thy Lady, I'de turn thee away for that word.

Peg. Pray pardon me, Madam, I am sorry I offended your Ladiship.

Jilt. Can'st thou talk so after the Song the Fidler sung this morning in praise of the Country? Oh that he were here, I should never be weary of hearing that Song.

Peg. I see him yonder, I'll call him to you. [Exit Peg.]

Clodp. Madam, I have over-heard and admired your excellent Discourse upon the Country.

Jilt. Who are you, some bold, jeering, fleering *Londoner*? avoid my presence.

Clodp. Ud's bud, you wrong me, I am a Country Justice, God'fooks.

Jilt. Pray be gone, and leave me, you are some rude *London* Fellow; foh you smell rank on't.

Clodp. As Gad shall save me she's a fine person: if I were not ingag'd to *Carolina* I should like her strangely.

Enter Peg and Fidler.

Peg. Here's the honest Fellow that sings the Song, Madam.

Jilt. I have nothing to say to him, I am troubled with an impertinent Fellow here, and he shall not sing.

Clodp. By your leave, Madam, 'tis in praise of the Country, and he shall sing. Sing, dear Rogue.

Fidler

Fidler sings.

Oh how I abhor
 The tumult and smog of the Town,
 The Clamours of War,
 The glittering Court; the fraudulent Gown,
 The Suburb debauches,
 The Cheats of the City,
 The rattling of Coaches,
 And the noise of the men they call witty.

clodp. Admirable.

But give me the man from all vanity free,
 With good store of Land,
 And a Country Command,
 Who honest dares be.
 Who Justice dares do, and the Nation will serve,
 And ne re from his true Country principle swerve.
 This, this is the man for me.

Jilt. Very fine.

While the fluttering vain Gallant in London consumes
 His Estate in rich Cloaths and Perfumes,
 And with drinking and swilling corrupts all his health;
 Or on Punk and on Bawd spends his youth and his wealth,
 While such shall his wit and his bounty applaud.

clodp. Admirable.

Give me the good man that lives on his own grounds,
 And within his own bounds
 Has room for his Hawks and his Hounds,
 Can feast his own Tenants with Fowls and with Fishes,
 And from his own plenty with good store of Disbes,

And not with damn'd Wine, but with good English Ale
 O're their faithful hearts can prevail,
 And nothing to others does owe.
 But from his own house hears his own Oxen low,
 And his own Sheep bleat,
 While the grateful sounds sweet Echoes repeat.
 This, this is the man that is truly call'd great.

Jilt. Excellent, there's a Crown; pray come and sing this to me twice a day as long as I stay in *Epsom*.

Fid. I will, Madam.

Clodp. 'Tis incomparable, let me embrace thee, there's ten shillings for thee; and if thou wilt live with me in *Sussex*, thou shalt never see *London* again.

Fid. Pardon me, Sir, I was born and bred in *London*, and would not live out on't for five hundred pound a year.

Jilt. Out on you, you scurvy fellow.

Clodp. aside. A Pox on him for a Rascal. Thou art a very honest Fellow, give me thy ten shillings again, and I'll make it a Guinny.

Fid. There 'tis and please you.

Clodp. Ay, and here 'tis, and shall be. Do you think I'll let a *London* Rogue carry away ten shillings of my money?

Fid. Why, you will not take it away thus.

Clodp. Yes, I will, and you may thank Heaven that it is unseemly in a Magistrate to break heads. Be gone you insolent Rascal, lest you should tempt me to condescend to break yours.

Fid. What the Devil, are they both mad? farewell. *[Exit.]*

Clodp. An insolent *London* Rogue to sing against his Conscience; but pray, Madam, let me salute you, you're a fine person.

Jilt. No, Sir, fare you well; Sir, you're a Stranger, fare you well, I am none of those. *[Exit Jilt.]*

Clodp. Who's this Mrs. Margaret?

Peg. She's a Person of Quality comes to *Epsom* for her pleasure, I must wait on her. *[Exit Peg.]*

Clodp. She's a fine Lady, but I must to *Carolina*. *[Ex. Clodp.]*

Enter

Enter Bevil in a Field.

Bev. Carolina write to me to meet her alone? She's very frank; let me see, she says meet me alone, that we may freely confer about an affair which nearly concerns us both. 'Sdeath I have dropt my Letter, unlucky accident, I must go back for't. I cannot now, she's here. [*Enter Mrs. Woodly disguis'd.*

'Tis a solitary place, and I hope no body will find it.

Mrs. Wood. Ah false wretch! how punctual he is. [*Aside.*

Bev. Ah my dear Carolina.

Mrs. Wood. Ah my cursed *Bevil*. [*Aside.*

Bev. I have not words enough to acknowledge and thank you for this favour.

Mrs. Wood. Nor I words enough to upbraid you for this injury. [*Aside.*

Bev. How now, what is the dumb? Madam, you see how conscientious I am in my duty of assignation; you shall always find me a man of Honour.

Mrs. Wood. Yes, I thank you, you're a man of Honor. [*unmasks.*

Bev. 'Sdeath *Mrs. Woodly*! how unlucky is this, she'll stay too, and prevent my meeting with *Carolina*; I am undone, I must conceal the Intrigue. Nothing but impudence can bring me off. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Wood. Unworthy man.

Bev. You do well, pray who was this assignation made to? I can watch your private haunts, you see, Madam.

Mrs. Wood. Are you past all sense of modesty?

Bev. We shall soon see your Lover here, I suppose.

Mrs. Wood. Have I caught you, and do you accuse me? I have been as virtuous and as constant to my Intrigue as any Woman breathing; have I not had as many Addresses made to me by the fine persons of the Town & Court as any Lady has?

Bev. And have refus'd as few, I'll say that for you. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Wood. Have I not deny'd all to be constant to you?

Bev. Gad I hate constancy in a Woman, after a little while; especially in an impertinent one, as much as constancy in a Quarantine Ague.

Mrs. Wood.

Mrs. Wood. And all this to be betrayed to *Carolina*! perfidious man!

Bev. Ha, ha, ha— I knew I should catch you; there was no way I knew to make you shew your face, but my pretending to another: *Carolina* I think I call'd her.

Mrs. Bev. Oh abominable treachery! I forged that Letter from *Carolina*, which you even now received with the greatest joy imaginable: Ungrateful man!

Bev. Well, give me your little Punk, for Marriage is not so troublefom as the imperiousness of your Whore of Honour.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Wood. Have I deserv'd this from you?

Bev. Well, I confess you have catcht me. I was indeed amaz'd at the Letter, having only heard of *Carolina*, and had a curiosity to see the meaning on't.

Mrs. Wood. Yes, 'twas curiosity made you walk with her in the Forenoon, in a Field beyond the New Inn.

Bev. 'Sdeath, how came she to know it?

[*Aside.*

Was that *Carolina*?

[*To her.*

Mrs. Wood. As if you did not know it, inhumane Creature. Nor is this all; I saw a Letter just now to one Mrs. *Filt*, wherein you tell her you have given her more occasion for a Midwife than a Surgeon.

(*vil?*

Bev. 'Sdeath, how came she to see that, she deals with the De-

Mrs. Wood. You shall find, ungrateful man, that love does as naturally degenerate into revenge, as Wine into Vinegar: do you abuse me, a virtuous Lady, a Lady of Honour, for such a Creature, without any consideration of my Quality?

Bev. Pox on her Quality. This is all a mistake, Madam.

Mrs. Wood. I know your Hand too well for that: you might use your little tawdry mercenary Creatures so, that flutter about the Town in their short-liv'd bravery: but a Woman of my Quality—

Bev. Well, however 'tis in other things, I would have no liberty of Conscience in whoring: I would have none but those women hold forth that are in lawful Orders, 'tis the more settled way, and has more the face of Discipline.

Mrs. Wood. If I be not reveng'd for this—

Enter

Enter Woodly with a Note in his hand.

Wood. How the Devil came *Bevil* to lose this Note in the Fields, *Carolina* appoint to meet him privately? I thought he ne're had seen her—Death how she Jilts me.

Reads. *That we may freely confer about an affair which nearly concerns us both.* *Carolina.*

Hell and Devil he's with her there; I'll steal behind 'em and surprize 'em. So, *Bevil*, is this your private business?

Mrs. Wood. My Husband, I dye, I dye.

Bev. You have done well, you have frighted a Lady into a swoond; Heaven knows what will become of her.

Wood. I knew she would be surpriz'd.

Bev. Unlucky man.

Wood. Death, *Ned*, you'll stifle her, pull off her Mask and give her more air.

Bev. Pray forbear, Sir, you are not to see her; she reco-
vers.

Mrs. Wood. Give her more air, quoth a'? How he frighted me?

Wood. Good Sir *Pol* make a secret on't no longer; she may as well unmask, she and I are no strangers to one another.

Mrs. Wood. What says he?

[*Aside.*

Bev. You may have seen her, but you are not acquainted with her.

Wood. *Ad ante* prithee leave fooling.

Bev. Upon my Honour you are not—

A Gentleman ought in Honour to lye for his Mistress. [*Aside.*

Wood. I could sooner believe a Country Gentleman that swears and lyes for the honour of his Horse, when he is selling him.

Mrs. Wood. He knows me; I am lost, undone for ever.

Bev. Whatever happens, do not discover your self.

Wood. I am oblig'd to you, you can be kind to others.

Mrs. Wood. Can any thing be more plain?

Bev.

Bev. Prethee, *Woodly*, trouble us no farther; I assure you you neither do nor shall know this Lady.

Wood. Is it so? Fare you well. I will let 'em alone at present. [Exit *Woodly*.]

Bev. He'll go home and discover that 'tis you.

Mrs. Wood. As good look would have it, I have the Key of the back Gate, and can be there before him: I hope I shall bear him down that it was not I. [Exit *Mrs. Woodly*.]

Bev. I doubt not. Oh Woman, Woman! impudence and invention never fail thee at a pinch. [Exit.]

[A noise within of rub, rub, narrow, short, gone a thousand yards, and such like words of Bowlers.]

Enter *Bisket*, *Fribble*, *Cuff*, and *Kick*.

Cuff. Come, Mr. *Bisket*, let's hold 'em i' other Game.

Bisk. As I am an honest man I have lost all my money.

Frib. And so have I, and yet you bowl'd like an Emperour, Neighbour *Bisket*, the two last Games, but Mr. *Cuff's* hand was quite out.

Bisk. A Deuce take it, we ne're won one Game since Mr. *Kick* lai'd against us; and in my Conscience and Soul he is a Witch, for Mr. *Cuff* ne're plaid well after.

Cuff. I'll make you amends if you'll play again.

Frib. But we have no money.

Kick. I have 40 or 50 *l.* to spare, you shall have it betwixt you.

[*Mrs. Bisket* and *Mrs. Fribble* look out at the Window.]

Bisk. No, we'll drink a Bottle first and rest, my thighs ake with bowling. Cods me, yonder are our Wives looking out at the Window to see us bowl; poor Rogues, i'fack we'll have a Bottle with them.

I warrant you they have been dancing in a Barn yonder, with some Neighbours, I hear their Fiddles.

Dor. Mr. *Rains* is not yonder; I'll swear he's rare company.

Mrs. Bisk. A Murrain take you; and you had not troubled us with your impertinence, he had been better company to me to day than he was. [Aside.]

Dor. Yonder are our Husbands, I am resolv'd as you have advis'd

advis'd me to pluck up a spirit. But let's down to 'em now, for fear we lose 'em. *[They go down.]*

Bisk. Now here's my Wife, I'll be bold to say, I'll shew you the handsomest Woman in *Epsom*,

Frib. It must be my Wife then, I'll tell you that.

Bisk. Your Wife handsomer than mine! that's pleasant, ha, ha.

Cuff. This may prove as good as bowling with them.

Kick. I never saw two so cut out for honest tame suffering Cuckolds.

Cuff. There are many as sit here, if their Wives be as handsome as they say their's are.

Frib. Come, I'll hold you 20 s. to be spent, and these Gentlemen shall be Judges here.

Bisk. With all my heart. But I am sure mine is the prettiest, neatest, tittest Woman in the Ward.

Frib. I have seen our Minister stare at my Wife in her Pew, 'till he has been out in his Sermon, she's so pretty. And you shall see, Gentlemen, what discipline I keep her in; 'tis the obedientest poor Creature!

Bisk. Nay, mine has some humours, but they become her so prettily, and 'tis the sweetest little Rogue! I vow she has had more temptations than any Woman in *Cheapside*, ne're stir.

Frib. More temptations than my Wife, I scorn your words. There are a company of the bravest Gallants come to my Shop to see her, and she'll not speak to any of them——i'faith not she.

Bisk. I have known Knights, nay, Lords in love with my Wife, and she does make such Fools of 'em all. Poor Rogue, ha, ha, ha, my dear Lamb art thou come?

Enter Mrs. Bisket and Dorothy.

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, you Sot; but is't not time for you to come home? Mr. *Rains* has been gone this three hours.

Bisk. I told you she had some humours. Pretty Duck, i'fack now I have catch'd you, I'll give you a Bottle of Wine and a Quart of Mum.

H

Frib.

Frib. These are my Friends, Gentlemen, an please you.

[He presents them to his Wife, and they salute her.

Bisk. This is my Duck, Gentlemen. [They salute Mrs. Bisker.
Has not my Lamb a rare way of kissing? I warrant you for the
Wager, Neighbour,

Frib. I fear you not.

Cuff. What admirable Cuckolds and Bubbles have we met
with?

Frib. Now, Gentlemen, observe here's a stately forehead.

Bisk. But here's a delicious Eye-brow, and sweet rowling
wanton Eye : She's my *Cacara camouchi*, my pretty Pigs nye,
as *Mamamouchi* notably has it.

Kick. Excellent fine.

Mrs. *Bisk.* Alas, alas! I but what do you mean by this, you
are alwayes fooling thus before Company.

Bisk. Peace, I have laid a Wager on thy head
Against Mrs. *Fribble*.

Frib. Here are pretty plump red lips.

Bisk. But see my Ducks teeth, and smell her sweet breath.
Breath on 'em Duck.

Frib. Here's pure red and white ; here's a shape.

[He turns her round.

Cuff. Most admirable.

Frib. 'Tis your goodness, Sir.

Kick. These Fools praise their Wives, as Horse-Courfers do
their Horses, to put 'em off.

Bisk. Prethee Dear do but shew them a little of your Foot
and Leg, good Duck now if thou lovest me, do prethee now.

Mrs. *Bisk.* Well, well, so I can : there 'tis.

Bisk. A little higher, but up to your Garter, good Lamb.

Mrs. *Bisk.* You are such a simple Fellow.

Cuff. Oh, 'tis charming!

Mrs. *Bisk.* You are so obliging really.

Frib. Here's a fine round small white hand.

Kick. Extreme fine.

Mrs. *Frib.* You are pleas'd to Complement.

Frib. Now you shall see how obedient my Wife is, she durst as
well eat her Nails as refuse what I command. *Doll*, pray kiss these
two Gentlemen immediately. Now you shall see.

Dor.

Dor. Pray, Dear, what do you mean?
Frib. How now, Husbands, dare you dispute my Commands,
 Hah?

Dor. Be not angry, I must obey.

Kick. Your Servant, dear Madam. [They kiss her.]

Cuff. Your humble Servant.

Frib. Look you, did I not tell you what Discipline she was
 under.

Bisk. Good sweet dear Lamb, do thee as much if thou lov'st
 me do.

Mrs. Bisk. Not for your bidding: but they shall find I am not
 behind *Mrs. Fribble* in good breeding.

Bisk. Gentlemen, my Dear shall salute you too.

Frib. Ay, it won't do.

Kick. Your Servant, dear Lady.

Cuff. Sweet Madam, your humble Servant.

Frib. Come now, let's in, and be very merry, and decide the
 Wager.

Kick. Allons, this is the most extraordinary adventure, but
 you know we have a weighty Affair in hand; our Bullies will
 be all ready immediately.

Cuff. We'll swinge the Rascals, *Tom* and *Evil*: but we must
 make haste, this is the time they use to come to the Bowling-
 Green, we'll meet them.

Kick. There is another weighty affair. *Clodpate* is to dust his
 Stand of Ale, and he must be bubbled; we have not long to
 stay with 'em.

Cuff. We must borrow ourselves of 'em for a while.

Frib. Gentlemen, will you please to walk in?

Cuff. Come on. [Ex. owners]

Enter Rains and Lucia

Luc. A man of wit and make love! leave off this foolish old
 fashion'd subject: I'd have all discourse between us tend to
 something.

Rains. 'Tis as unseasonable for a young Lady not to entertain
 love, as for a Judge or a Bishop to make love.

Luc. Love is so foolish and scandalous a thing, none now make use of any thing but ready money.

Rains. Methinks ready Love is a pretty thing.

Luc. But there are few in this Age have it about 'em.

Rains. I have as good a Stock, and am as full of Love, Madam—

Luc. That you squander it away upon every one you see, as a young Prodigal newly of age, treats and pays reckonings for every body.

Rains. How prodigal soever I have been, I am resolv'd to take up in my expences, and reserve all my love for you.

Luc. For me? I am as hard to be fix'd as you: I love liberty as well as any of you.

Rains. Say you so? Faith let's make use of't.

Luc. Not the lewd liberty you mean: Come, to divert us better, go a little further and try the Echo, here is an extraordinary one that will answer you to as much purpose as I can.

Rains. 'Tis a fine Echo, but, Madam—

[*Ex. Rains and Lucia.*]

Enter Woodly and Carolina.

Caro. Nothing but Love, Love: always one Note like a Cuckow.

Wood. Fine *filk*! I can no more restrain my self, than a Fanatick full of new lights and revelations can himself.

Caro. Can I suffer this any longer without prejudice to my virtue and honour; let me hear no more, you will not suffer me to use you like a Gentleman.

Wood. I am too loyal to rebel against you, but I may attack your evil Counsellors, your virtue and honour.

Caro. You'll find them impregnable.

Wood. Virtue and Chastity, unsociable foolish qualities! I hope to live till every such Woman shall be thought vicious, or at least as much scandalous as a Lawyer with a tatter'd Gown out of practice.

We are in a fair way to it.

Caro.

Caro. If you resolve to persist in this subject, I will ask the advice of your Lady before I treat further.

Wood. Say you so, Madam? there is a pleasant Field behind my Lodgings, 'tis delicate walking there at this time o'day, especially if you have one you like there.

Caro. What say you, Sir?

Wood. No, no, Madam, you were not there, you know not what I mean.

Caro. What Riddle's this of yours?

Wood. But the Lady was not so ill to pull off her Mask, and discover her face, tho' for more Air.

Caro. You are mad, that I confess is one sign of a Lover.

Wood. Oh Woman-kind, the Original of all lying, I confess he said upon his Honour, I did not know her, but I could read her Note, it would not do.

Caro. This is so extravagantly ridiculous, it deserves no serious Answer.

Enter Bevil.

Wood. Here's *Bevil*, I'll not show her Note till I have an opportunity to put this business home. I knew you were not far off, *Ned*, come.

Caro. Does he know of our interviews?

[*Aside.*]

Bev. What mean'st thou, *Frank*?

Wood. You are not acquainted with this Lady, no.

Bev. I wish nothing more than the acquaintance of so fine a Lady.

[*Rains and Lucia appear.*]

Wood. What impudence is this that makes thee fool with me any longer, thus? Yonder's *Rains*, he is not acquainted with my Cousin *Lucia* neither. No, no, come, *Rains*, you may show your self, your Intrigue is discovered.

Rains. What Intrigue, *Frank*?

Wood. Cousin *Lucia*, your Servant; I see, Sir, you can serve your self without the help of your friends.

Rains. Is this his Cousin *Lucia*?

Luc. Oh! is that the Intrigue? These two Gentlemen rescued us this morning from the insolence of two Hectors.

Caro. Yes, and with their Swords protected us from their violence, and reveng'd the affront.

Luc.

Lic. We are not so ungrateful to disown those that had oblig'd us so much.

Caro. This morning was the first time they ever saw us.

Wood. You are grown very familiar already, Madam.

Caro. If I be, you are not concern'd, I assure you.

Wood. I fear too much. But how do you like *Lucia*, *Jack*? have you a design of lying with her one way or other?

Rains. Mum, *Woodly*, or I will discover all your Rogueries to your Lady Bright at home; be satisfied, I like her too well to dishonour her. But to divert this.

[*He whistles, and the Fiddlers flourish.*]

Wood. What a Devil's this.

Ben. We are fallen into an Ambuscade of Fiddlers.

Lic. Do you conjure?

Caro. You charm the Air to give us Sounds.

Rains. The truth is, Madam, 'tis a Trap I have laid for you, and you have no way but to dance your self out on't.

Caro. No, then I am resolv'd to free my self as soon as I can. Play a Jigue.

[*She dances.*]

Enter Clodpate with a Dog.

Clodp. What, you are merry with your Fiddles. I have been hunting up and down for Madam *Carolina*; I came to present you with some Country Partridges; here's dear *Tray*, a *Suffex-Dog*, set 'em for you; Oh he ranges with such mettle, and prints so true. Poor *Tray*, Gad I love and honour him.

Ben. That *Tray* is the better qualifi'd Beast of the two.

Clodp. Pray, Madam, kiss him a little.

Caro. Kiss a Dog?

Clod. A Dog, Ud'sooks he has as sweet a breath as any man, I won't say Lady has. Your scurvy *London-Ladies* feed their Dogs at their Tables, and have Joyns of Mutton roasted on purpose for 'em, and make them their Bed-fellows for want of better. But since you don't love a Dog, Madam, I'll be bold to say, yonder's the beautifull'st Dapple Mare of mine that my Man leads there. There's a Buttock, Madam, how clean she treads upon her Pasterns. There's a Body round as a Barrel;

there's

there's a Head and Neck finely rais'd, a delicate broad Chest, God looks she's the finest fore-handed Mare in Christendom, there's Beauty, and you talk of Beauty.

Rains. He describes his Mare so passionately, I shall begin to suspect her virtue.

Clodp. But I must desire some words with you in private.

Caro. I am going to visit now; but shortly I will hear you.

Clodp. I had waited on you sooner, but that I have been giving out Warrants, and binding some London Rogues to the Peace, and the like. Thus I represent the Kings Person, I.

Caro. You are the worst Picture of him that ever I saw.

Clodp. I am content, Madam, to imploy my self in business, and to serve my Country, while your London Sparks lascivious, libidinous Swines follow their beastly lusts, and sensual pleasures. Poor Fools, I pity 'em.

Wood. Why, we have Justices of the Peace that serve the Nation at London.

Clodp. What, honest ones; thank you for that; they are the greatest Malefactors there; they make a pretty Trade on't in the Suburbs with Bribes received from Pads, Pick-pockets, and Shop-lifts, with the Taxes they raise from labouring Whores, and Contributions from Tributary Bawds; but Gentlemen, will you dust a Stand with me?

Enter Kick and Cuff with six more.

Rains. We are all engag'd.

Kick. Here they are, they shall find that none shall affront any of our Gang unpunish'd.

Cuff. As long as we Bullies hold together, we despise the World, we'll chastise their insolence: fall on.

[They fight, and Lucia and Carolina shriek and run away.]

Kick. Come, have at you.

Rains. How now.

Bev. Rogues.

Wood. You Dogs.

Clodp. Hold, I command you in the Kings Name keep the Peace.

Peace. I am a Justice of *Quorum*; and represent the Kings Person. I say keep the Peace, or I'll bind you all over to the Sessions.

[*The Bullies are beaten off.*]

Wood. Let's pursue the Rogues, and now we have won the field take them Prisoners.

Rains. Dam 'em, they are not worth our pursuit; I know two of 'em, and shall find out the rest.

Clodp. Go, I say, and bring 'em before me, and I will bind 'em to the Peace, and make 'em be of good abearing till the next Sessions, or they shall forfeit their Recullisence.

Rev. We are oblig'd to you for your help, you fought bravely.

Clodp. 'Tis very indecent for a Magistrate to fight, I will give you Law.

Wood. 'Pox of his Cowardize; but what mean these Rogues?

Rains. Let's find the Ladies, I'll tell you as we go.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Clodpate, two Country-Fellows, Cuff, and Kick in Country-Habits.

Kick. **T**Hese Disguises have done us Knights Service.

Cuff. He'll begin to be drunk by and by, preach the Parson upon him, or try Coal under the Candlestick, even or odd with a Witness, or the grand Game at Put, for I find he hates Dice.

Clodp. Come, Gentlemen, put about a Cup of Ale. 'Tis stingo i' faith; is not this better than your foolish French Kickshaw Claret? This is of the growth and product of our own Country, and we encourage the noble Manufacture of Ale. How say you? come fill all. [*Drinks.*]

1. Count. His Worship is a notable man in the Politicks as e're a Justice of England, no dispraise----

2. Count.

2 Count. He has a brave Head-piece of his own
Clodp. Fill again once, O Gentleman, things do not go well.
 There's the *Streights Trade* I was speaking of; why it signifies
 not a Farthing to us; for, look you, if the Manufacture or Com-
 modity exported, be not equal to the Commodity imported,
 we must ruine our Trade, that's clear demonstration. Now we
 send them money in specie for foolish superfluities; for Currans
 to make Mince-pyes with; it grieves my heart to think on't;
 but come, dust it away.

3 *Kick.* Your Worship speaks like an Oracle.

Clodp. Then there's your Canary Trade takes away not one
 of our Manufactures. Well, no more to be said; I am not
 thought worthy; but here's to you. [*Drinks.*]

4 *Cuff.* A very politick Coxcomb. [*Aside.*]

5 1 Count. What News is there in the Gazette, and please
 you?

6 *Clodp.* Why, there is: We keep a pother about the honest
Dutch, I say nothing, but I hate *French* Fricasies and Ragousts,
 and *French* Dances too; but no more to be said, fill again.
 God looks here's your true *English Ale*, and your true *English*
 Hearts. [*He drinks.*]

7 2 Count. I protest he's incomparable man.

8 *Clodp.* In the mean time poor *Poland* is in danger; and yet
Sobieski's a pretty man, and *Wisnowiski*, and *Lubomirski*; and
Potoski too pretty men, very pretty men; but alas! they are
 but men; we ne're think of assisting 'em, and poor *Poland* may
 be lost, and we are in a fine condition; but here's to other
Pohi too pretty men. [*All drink.*]

9 *Kick.* Excellent Coxcomb! but what hurt can the loss of
Poland do us, Sir?

Clodp. Lord, that you should ask such a question, why it will
 spoil our Trade of *Tin*, no people in the World can make *Lat-
 tin Ware*; or work our *Tin* well but they; the *Germans* indeed
 pretend to it; this would trouble a man that loves his Country
 as I do. [*He drinks.*]

10 2 Count. What Religion are they of in *Poland*, an't please
 your Worship?

11 *Clodp.* Why they are Christians, they are not within the

Pale indeed, but they are very good out-liers.

Coff. Let's ply him hard. Come here's a Health to all your Deputy Lieutenants.

Clodp. Come on, I hope to be one my self, I serve the Nation upon a true Country principle, and have as many friends as any man upon a National account.

Clodp. Here's News from *Divis*, an't please your Worship, what place is that? I ask't our Minister, and he could not tell me.

Clodp. Fy upon him; why, *Divis* is a Town in *Polecatia*, a very fine Town; but still *Agenus*.

Coff. Here's a Health to the Bishop of *Polcatia*.

Clodp. Excuse me, Sir, he's a Popish Bishop, and I'll drink

not to a Papists Health on 'em ally; he's a Clergy man, and run up and down souldiering and fighting; I truly he may be sham'd on't; and he were a godly man, he'd stay at home and preach; These are the Bishop that won't preach; But here's my Cap.

Come on, Uds on, it begins to be for a

Coff. That's good News, Kirk.

Clodp. Well, *Poland* is a brave Nation, and they have a Com-

pany of the fiercest magnanimous Fellows, your *Irskies*, *Orskies*,

Irskies, *Ouskie*, *Uenskie*, and the *Cossacks* upon the *Whain*,

there's a Monarchy as it should be, every thing governe'd by the

great Councils; and Uds bud they have the best Diet in Christendom.

Coff. Nay, with his Worships leave, an't they have better

Diet than *English* Beef? I'll be sacrific'd to it.

Clodp. An't please your Worship we'll present you with a

Country dance; we have Complainants without, if you please,

Sir.

Clodp. With all my heart.

Clodp. Of two *Clowns*, and two *Country Wench*.

Uds bud, my head begins to turn round; knock't into the

house; O 'Tis dark, we'll have one *Billar* and there; and then

Bonus Nocius, I must to my Mistress, she's the prettiest Rogue.

Clodp. What Religion are they of in *Poland*, an't please

your Worship? Why they are Christians, they are not within the

Pale

Sings. Her Lips are two Brimmens of Claret,
Where first I began to misbehave;
Her Breasts of delight
Are two Bottles of white,
And her Eyes are two Cups of Canary. [Ex. omnes.]

Enter Rains.

Rains. Mrs. *Jilt* appointed to meet me here, she's handsome, and I hope sound. I love *Lucia* even to the renouncing of Wine and good Company; but flesh and blood is not able to hold out her time without some refreshment by the bye.

Enter Mrs. Jilt.

Jilt. O are you here! well you think me a strange confident person to meet you thus; but if I had not known you to be a fine sweet man, and 'tis dark, and you cannot see my blushes, Sir, I would have suffered all the extremities in the World before I would have done it, I'll swear I wou'd.

Rains. What extremities can you suffer, pretty Mrs. *Jilt*?

Jilt. No, 'tis no matter what I suffer, Alas! Alas!

Rains. What's the matter?

Jilt. I am the most unhappy Lady in the whole World, I'll swear, ah, ha; but 'tis no matter, I may thank my self for't, I vow.

Rains. What, have you lost friends or money?

Jilt. No, no, I have something nearer my heart than all that, 'tis not money that I care for, I'll swear, not I.

Rains. I find that some body has catch'd you, you are in Love.

Jilt. If I were not in Love, I were a happy Woman; but now I am the most unfortunate Maid in the whole World, I'll swear, oh, oh.

Rains. Fy on't, young and pretty, and despair in this Age.

Jilt. Oh, but this is so fine, so excellent a person, he'll ne'er love me, I am ruin'd, oh, oh.

Rains. Who is this bewitching man?

Jilt. Oh it's no matter, alas! who cares what becomes of me?

me? a poor inconsiderable person, tho' none can say I am not a Gentlewoman, and well bred, but 'tis no matter. Oh, oh, but the Gentleman is no ill friend of yours, upon my word, now.

Rains. Prithee who is it?

Jilt. A great acquaintance of Mr. Beuils, a Norfolk Gentleman.

Rains. 'Sdeath, she won't put this upon me at last, he's acquainted with none of my Country but my self. [*Aside.*

Jilt. He's the wittiest, finest, handsomest, well-bred Gentleman in the whole World, I'll swear.

Rains. Prithee tell his Name, I can be secret.

Jilt. The first Letter of his Name is R. but why should I say so much? I am a lost Woman; he'll never love me, oh, oh.

Rains. Though not by your fine description, yet by my Country and my Name you would perswade me, that I am the happy man.

Jilt. *She kisses his hand.* Now shall I never see you agen, you'll hate me for my confidence. Oh that my Tongue should betray me thus! Oh that I had bit it out before I had said this! Oh my heart will break, I'll swear.

Rains. Gad, her Tears have mollifi'd me: it shall ne're be said a Woman shall die under my hands; but she might have brought it about without all these Circumstances. [*Aside.*

Jilt. Oh, unfortunate Woman! I know you'll hate me for this, oh, oh.

Rains. No, my Dear, I am none of those, do but step into my Lodging where there's a good Convenience as can be; and if I do not give you as good proof of my affections—

Jilt. Good Sir, you mistake me; do you take me for a Strumpet? No, Sir, I'de have you to know I am no such, I swear.

Rains. I know you are modest; but Lovers should lay by that.

Jilt. I lay by my modesty! Heaven forbid, you are a wicked libidinous person; I wonder you have the confidence to affront one of my Birth and Breeding thus like a base man.

Rains.

Rains. Oh, oh, all this talk of love is a trick is it? you might have plac'd it better, good Madam *Jilt.*

Jilt. No, Sir, it is no trick, and that you should find, if you would but—

Rains. But what?

Jilt. But marry me, that's all I swear.

[*Cries.*

Rains. All, in the Devils name! Marry, quoth she, Zounds what a word was that?

Jilt. I knew how I should be us'd by an ungrateful man; oh that I should betray my weakness, oh, oh!

Rains. Fare you well, good Mrs. *Jilt.* 'Sblood, marry? ha, ha, ha, ha. [Ex. *Rains.*

Jilt. Miserable Woman, how unlucky am I? but I am resolv'd never to give over 'till I get a Husband, if I live and breath. [Exit *Jilt.*

Enter Mrs. Woodly, Lucia, and Carolina.

Lucia. This is your Husbands story.

Mrs. Wood. No, 'tis their own, I assure you: why did you intend your acquaintance with *Rains* and *Bevil* should be a secret? that's pleasant, they have only proclaim'd it in the Town, yet no where else.

Caro. They cannot be so base; we saw 'em but by accident.

Mrs. Wood. By accident! you are pleasant, Madam, ha, ha, ha.

Luc. What's the cause of your unseemly mirth, Cousin?

Mrs. Wood. By accident Mr. *Rains* applys himself wholly to you, and by accident Mr. *Bevil* makes love to you, Madam; by accident ye all met in a Field this Forenoon; by accident, Madam, Mr. *Bevil* expected you to meet him alone in a Field on the backside of my Lodging.

Caro. Me! you drive a jest too far, do you intend to affront me?

Mrs. Wood. I have no mind to fall under the lash of their malicious tongues; but I walked over that Field in a Masque, *Bevil* meets me, calls me dear *Carolina*, said he had obeyed my summons,

summons, and that I was punctual in my assignation, thank't me for the favour of my Note—

Caro. Heaven! what do I hear; this is your project, you must be acquainted with witty men.

Luc. Unworthy men! have they no sense of honour?

Enter Mr. Woodly.

Mrs. Wood. Yonder, I believe, comes one of them; I'll leave ye lest I should be suspected to tell this.

[*Ex. Mrs. Woodly.*]

Wood. I love *Carolina* so, I must undermine *Bevil*, whom I fear she's inclin'd to; I must render *Rains* suspected too, lest they should clear one another.

Luc. If this be true, we have been finely mistaken.

Wood. Oh Ladies, are you here, you're punctual, are your new Gallants come yet—Perhaps I may guess right. [*Aside.*]

Caro. What Gallants?

Wood. Nay, perhaps it may be a mistake; but I was told by five or six Gentlemen upon Clay-Hill, that you were to meet with *Rains* and *Bevil* privately this night here in *Mamfes* Garden; that's all.

Caro. O base perfidious men!

Luc. We meet 'em?

Wood. Why, did you think it had been a secret? so is a Proclamation, they themselves have bragg'd on't.

Caro. Do they already boast of our easiness, vile men! Well I see we must condemn our selves to the conversation of dull sober Fools.

Luc. Or which is as bad, confine our selves to the impertinence of our own Sex.

Wood. I proffer'd to day to bring *Rains* acquainted with you, Cousin; but he refus'd it, and said he would not marry you for his own sake, nor lie with you for mine; and that a man had no excuse for himself, that visited a Woman without design of lying with her one way or other.

Luc. Oh Impudence!

Wood. They are men of wit and good company, but not so fit

fit for young Ladies that love reputation; but I hope my Confession is not so intimate with *Rains*, as you are with *Bevil*, Madam?

Caro. I intimate with him! what mean you?

Wood. You are pleasant, Madam; I mean she does not meet him alone, as you do *Bevil*.

Caro. Had he the impudence to say this? or have you so little honour to believe the words of a vain idle fellow?

Wood. But I must believe my eyes: did I not see you with him mask'd? and speak to you, by the same token you fell into a swoon at the surprize?

Caro. You are mad, Sir, or would make me so.

Wood. To shew you I am not mad, there's the Note you wrote to *Bevil*.

Caro. That I wrote? Heaven! *Lucia* do you hear what Monsters of men our ill fate, or your worse Conduct have thrown us upon? Let's in and read this Note.

Lucia. How am I amazed?

Wood. All this confidence won't clear her with me; I know Woman-kind too well. [Exeunt.]

Enter Rains and Bevil.

Rains. *Lucia* and *Carolina* are slipt into the House, or some Arbour, I see a Hackney Coach, for they resolv'd not to bring their own.

Bev. Death, that we lewd young fellows shou'd be catch'd thus; I ne'er had any Love yet, that I could not satisfy with Gold, or walk away with *Burgundy*; but to be content to leave all the numerous Ladies of the Game in *London*, for two that on my conscience are foolishly honest.

Rains. But by your leave, *Bevil*, *London* is overstock'd with Wenches, that like too many Hares in a Hare-Warren, they cross our hunting, and we can make no work on't; the difficulty of finding is one part of the Game.

Bev. I love these Women the more, for declaring against Fools, contrary to most of their Sex.

Rains. I hate a woman that's in love with a fulsom Coxcomb, she's

she's a soul feeder, and I can no more have an appetite to her, when I think of her diet, than to a tame Duck, when I think it feeds on Toads.

Dev. Well, I love *Carolina* beyond all sense of modesty, so much, that I am resolv'd if she will to turn recreant and marry her, let what will be the consequence.

Rains. To forbear pleasing our selves to day, for fear of being troubled to morrow, were to adjourn life and never to live.

Dev. I am sure of the present pleasure, and but venture the future pain.

Rains. But I am resolv'd to venture, though the Gallies were the consequence.

Dev. And I too. I will live 50 years in that one night I first enjoy her; and care not if I were to be a Slave all the rest of my life. Yonder I believe they are.

Enter Carolina and Lucia.

Caro. Ungrateful men!

Luc. 'Tis not too late to retreat from this adventure.

Dev. Ladies, your humble Servant: I see you are to be trusted.

Caro. But you are not, you treacherous ungrateful men!

Dev. How's this, Madam?

Luc. Your infamous dealing with us exceeds all barbarousness, *Indians* and *Cannibals* would have us'd us better.

Rains. What mean they? do you think, Madam, we would eat you? we have a pleasanter way of using Ladies.

Luc. Do you make our anger your mirth?

Caro. It may thank our selves to trust such perfidious men.

Dev. You amaze us, you are just declaring War, when we thought to have concluded a Peace with you.

Caro. Avoid our sight, thou vain man.

Luc. And take thy lewd Companion with thee.

Rains. Ladies you have so much wit that I cannot think you are in earnest.

Dev.

Bev. Our love is not so dull, that it needs to be spur'd with anger.

Rains. I hope this is only to make us relish your kindness the better. Anger is a Sauce to Love, as sickness is to Health.

Bev. For my part, I love so violently, that every look of yours charms me, your anger pleases, I am in love with your frowns.

Caro. It seems so, you wou'd not else so justly have provok'd 'em.

Rains. 'Tis some honour, Madam, to be thought worth your anger. I cou'd never be angry with those I despis'd.

Luc. But you shall find I can. Let's leave 'em *Carolina.*

[Exit Lucia.

Rains. Death, this is madness; I'll not leave you so.

[Exit Rains.

Caro. I write Letters, and make private appointments with you, perfidious man! to blast my reputation thus——

Bev. This is Mrs. Woodly's malice—— [Aside.
Pray hear me, Madam——

Caro. No, Sir. Farewell.

Enter Woodly as they are going out.

Wood. There go Bevil and Carolina. [Ex. Bev. and Carol.
Now jealousy assist me, I may o'rehear something, 'tis not so like a Gentleman, but 'tis like a wife and jealous Lover: I'll follow. [Exit Woodly.

Enter Mrs. Woodly at the door on the right hand of the Stage.

Mrs. Wood. I long to hear what my information has wrought upon 'em. Mischief enough I hope.

[Enter Bevil and Carolina at the door on the left hand, at which Mrs. Woodly starts back and conceals her self.
Here are the two who I am most concern'd in; 'tis dark, and I shall easily conceal my self.

[Woodly enters a little after Bevil and Carolina, and stands close.

Caro.

Caro. Why do you follow me thus far? be gone, inhumane Creature!

Mrs. Wood. Oh it works finely.

Bev. Hear me but one word: if you condemn me then, I will own my self the Rascal you speak of.

Caro. What can you say in defence of your treachery? I write Notes to you?

Bev. I know who is my Accuser, and the reason of my Accusation.

Caro. Who is your Accuser besides your self?

Bev. I have had the misfortune to be pursu'd by the love and jealousy of a Woman, choleric, haughty, and revengeful, *Mrs. Woodly*. I am sure she is my Accuser.

Mrs. Wood. Heaven! what says the Villain? I will tear him in pieces.

Wood. Death, Hell, and the Devil! the love of my Wife. But I will hear further.

Caro. Is this possible?

Bev. 'Tis true, I assure you; she wrote that Letter as from you to me, and was in the Field; I was amaz'd at the Letter, and resolv'd to see the event on't: but I found her instead of you.

Wood. Damnation on this Woman.

Mrs. Wood. I cou'd stab the Traytor: but I'll yet have patience.

Bev. Her Husband came by in the mean time, and as I believe took her for you, said he knew her, and seem'd to be much concern'd; and she swooned.

Caro. Now the Riddle's clear'd.

Wood. I will yet hear farther.

Caro. But how came you to part with the Note which I have now? I see you are not to be trusted with a Ticket.

Bev. I am glad you have it, Madam, I unluckily dropt it I know not how; and have been afraid of the effects a strangers finding it might have produc'd. With all my diligence I cou'd not find it; but how came you by it?

Caro. You have told a plausible Story, and I will let you know, but I conjure you to take no notice of it.

Bev.

Bev. You shall command me, Madam, now I know
Caro. Know then I have been perpetually importun'd since I
 came to *Epsew*, by the love of Mr. *Woodly*, and I suppose he
 having the same jealousy of me, that his virtuous Lady has of
 you, though there's no danger, gave me this Note, with an ex-
 cellent character of Mr. *Ruins* and you—

[*Woodly and his Wife both start, as surpris'd at the News.*
Woods. Hell and Devils! now all's out—

[*Both appear, and speak together.*

Mrs. Wood. Where's the Traytor that has abus'd me thus?

Wood. Madam *Carolina*, I thank you, you have ob-
 lig'd me much.

Mrs. Wood. My Husband! I am undone.

Wood. 'Sdeath, is she here?

Caro. Heaven! what will this come to?

Bev. Unlucky accident!

Mrs. Wood. Oh let me stab this perjur'd man!

Caro. Hold, Madam.

Wood. Sir, I must have a farther account of you.

Bev. Let it suffice to tell you, my anger, against your Wife,
 for contriving this mischief against me, made me say more than
 was true: She's innocent of any Intrigue with me, only the
 Letter she did write, what made her I know not.

Wood. But, Sir—

Bev. But, Sir, I must demand an account of you, concern-
 ing the Letter and the fair Character you gave me; 'twas not
 so like a Gentleman.

Wood. 'Sdeath, not like a Gentleman!

[*Lays his hand on his Sword.*

Caro. Hold, Gentlemen.

Wood. Oh, Madam, I thank you for your favours.

Caro. If I have any power with you, follow me; or I shall
 distrust all you have said.

Mrs. Wood. Oh base inhumane Villain! so falsely to asperse
 my Honour.

Bev. Madam, I must obey you. *Monsieur ne mettez vous pas
 en peine, je trouverai l'occasion de vous voir demain au Ma-
 tin.*

Wood. Et Bien Monsieur. [Ex. Car. and Beyil.
Caro. None of your French to show your breeding; come along.

Mrs. Wood. I am basely abus'd by a forsworn Wretch. If you have honour in you bear it not. Heaven knows, I know nothing of the Letter, nor have I seen him this day before.

Wood. No! what can provoke him to so injurious an accusation?

Mrs. Wood. Do you wonder at the malice of base lascivious men, that cannot have their ends? I was loth to make a quarrel between you, not knowing how fatal it might be: but I have never rested from the importunity of his love—

Wood. I know how to deal with him; but for you Madam—

Mrs. Wood. For me! Heaven knows I am innocent and virtuous; but 'tis too apparent thou art false; *Carolina* speaks truth certainly: besides I have heard this day that you are pleased to keep a Wench too, nay, one that was a Bawd, and you pervert the use of her, and turn her into a Whore; and honest Gentlemen complain on't; I'll not endure it.

Wood. 'Tis well invented; but methinks, Madam, you shou'd have too much to do to clear your self, to think of accusing me.

Mrs. Wood. If thou hadst courage in thee, thou wouldst revenge me of this false Rascal. But why should I expect such honour from you? you are one of those keeping Coxcombs; that rather than not keep will keep a Bawd. Nay, your Mistress, forsooth, has turn'd from Bawd to Punk, from Punk to Bawd, as often as they say *Thames Water* will stink and grow sweet again at Sea.

Wood. Sdeath, none of your foolery, clear your self, or I'll make you an example. [Ex. Woodly.]

Mrs. Wood. Now all the power of revengeful rage assist me: here's company, I'll away.

[Ex. Mrs. Woodly.]

Enter

Enter Rains, Lucia, and Roger, as Mrs. Woodyly is going out.

Rains. There can be nothing plainer, than that the jealousy and malice of *Mrs. Woodyly* contriv'd this. Can you believe we can be such Rascals without provocation?

Luc. 'Tis probable *Woodyly* has done this for Love and Jealousie of *Carolina*, and his Wife for Love and Jealousie of *Bevil*. [*Aside.*]

But if you were not monstrously lewd, the freedom of *Epson* allows almost nothing to be scandalous.

Rains. Do you know, Madam, there is no such thing as scandal in this Age? Infamy is now almost as hard to get as preferment.

Enter Clodpate.

Clod. Who's here, Mr. *Rains*? Udsbud I am almost fox't, we have dusted it away, Gudlooks; but there were two Country-fellows there that I never saw before, won above forty pound of me at Put, but they are honest Country-fellows; one of 'em is a chief Constable, a very honest Fellow.

But where's Madam *Carolina*? I have been at her Lodging.

Luc. Oh Mr. *Clodpate*! I am glad I have found you, I sent all up and down the Town for you.

Clodp. Udsbud, Madam, what's the matter, is my Mistress not well?

Luc. Her Brother is come this Evening to Town, with a resolution to force her to *London*, to marry one, he has provided for her: the poor Lady is almost distracted, and bid me tell you, if you'll relieve her from this distress, she'll be for ever yours.

Clod. Udslooks, does he take her *vi & armis*, I'll send my Warrant for him, and stop his Journey.

Luc. No, she has design'd a better way; her Brother has carried her in his Coach to see a Kinswoman that lodges near the Church, and intends to sup there, and not to come home till eleven of the Clock.

Clodp. Good.

Luc. If you'll go and stay for her in the Church-yard, and have

have your man with Horses just by, she'll steal away and come to you, and go where e're you'll dispose of her, she'd rather dye than live in London.

Clodp. As Gad judge me, she's a fine person; but why the Church-yard? that's a place to meet in when we are dead, not while we are living, there are Sprights and dead Folks walk: I tremble to think on't.

Rains. This Fellow has not yet out-grown the belief of Raw-head and Bloody-bones.

Luc. There is now no remedy; if you omit this opportunity, you will for ever lose her.

Clodp. Nay, rather than that I'll venture; but I'll take my Practice of Piety in my Pocket.

Luc. Do so, and then let 'em walk their hearts out.

Clodp. Well, Gad save you, I'll marry her to night.

[Exit Clodpate,

Luc. If I had not sent him away, we had been pester'd with him all night.

Rains. Since you have gone thus far with him, I'll have my share in the sport.

Luc. If he should see *Bevil* and *Carolina*, 'twould spoil all.

Enter Foot-boy.

Foot-boy. Madam, my Lady sent me to tell you, that she is gone home with Mr. *Bevil*, and desires your Company.

Luc. I'll follow her.

[Exit Boy.

Rains. Roger, you heard what pass'd, pray go you with my Valet de Chambre, and take each of you a Sheet, and wait in the Church-porch till *Clodpate* comes into the Church-yard, and then sally out upon him, and fright him to purpose.

Rog. I will, Sir, and am glad of the employment: let us alone for mischief.

Rains. He believes in Spirits and dead Folks walking, as stedfastly as in his Creed.

Luc. This may make excellent Sport.

Rog. I'll about it instantly; if we do not fright him out of that little wit his Justiceship has, I am mistaken.

[Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Fribble, Mrs. Frib. and Bisket. *Frib.* Where's Mr. *Kink* and *Cuff*, *Doll*, we left 'em here but even now when we went to drink with our Neighbours.

Mrs. Frib. They were sent for upon extraordinary business, they paid the Reckoning.

Bisk. I vow they are very civil, fair condition'd Gentlemen as one would wish to drink or bowl with; but I vow there were some Bullies there swore so bloodily, I was afraid the Bowling-green would have fallen upon our heads; but where's my Lamb?

Mrs. Frib. She's stopt to a Neighbour in the Bowling-green, she'll come instantly.

Frib. Come, Neighbour *Bisket*, will you go? our friends expect us to be merry with them, I could be so brisk to night, fa, la, la, &c.

Brisk. Ay, and I too, fa, la, la; we'll sing old *Rose*, faith, hey, Boys.

Mrs. Frib. Why, have you the confidence to offer to leave me when the Gentlemen are gone, and you in this condition?

Frib. How, what say you?

Mrs. Frib. I have been too tame; 'tis time now to pluck up a spirit, you scurvy Fellow.

Frib. As God judge me, the Jade's drunk.

Mrs. Frib. 'Tis you are drunk, Beast, every night; you are sipping off your half-pints all day long, and one has no more comfort of you at night than of a Bed-staff, nay not so much.

Frib. Oh monstrous impudence! the Woman's possess'd, as I hope to breathe.

Bisk. Pish, this is nothing, my Duck says more to me than this every day; they will have these humours with 'em, mine has abundance, pretty Rogue, ha, ha.

Frib. But if you be a fool, Neighbour, I'll be none, I'll not endure it. Know your Lord and Master.

Mrs. Frib. I am my own Mistress. Did I marry a foolish Harbaldasher to be govern'd by him? out upon thee, Nicksome-poop, I'll order thee, i' faith.

Bisk. Just, my Duck, to a hair, ha, ha, ha.

Frib. Oh unheard of impudence!

Mrs. Frib. All my Neighbours cry out on me, for suffering you

you in your impudence. Shall I endure a Fellow to be drunk and loose, and spend that abroad that he should spend with me at home? you villainous man, I'll not endure it.

Bisk. Just, my *Mollie*, for all the world, ha, ha, ha.

Frib. Nay then, 'tis time to be in earnest. Huswife, know your Lord and Master, I say know your Lord and Master.

Mrs. Frib. My Lord and Master! I scorn thee, thou insolent Fellow, know your Lady and Mistress, Sirrah, I'll order you better, you scurvy Fellow.

Frib. Oh horrible! she's distracted. Huswife, get you home and sleep, and be sober, or I'll send you home with a Flea in your Ear.

Mrs. Frib. Get you home, you pitiful Fellow, or I'll send you home with a Flea in your Ear, and you go to that, thou fumbling Fool.

Frib. This is prodigious. Do you know, Huswife, that I will give you much correction.

Dor. You give me correction, you Coward?

Frib. The Law allows me to give my Wife due correction. I know the Law, Huswife, consider and tremble.

Dor. You give me correction, you Wittal? I'll teach you Law.

[*She gives him a dash on the Chaps.*]

Frib. Oh Impudence! nay, then have at you. If you be mad, I'll cure you without the help of Bedlam.

[*Beats her.*]

Dor. Help, help, murder, murder.

Bisk. Nay hold, Neighbour, for Heaven sake.

Frib. Stand by, let me alone, or I will mischief you. Would you be so wicked as to part Man and Wife, a curse will follow you, if you do.

Bisk. Nay then, whom Heav'n has joyn'd I will not put asunder.

Frib. Come, Huswife, ask me pardon, or I will swinge you immoderately.

[*Frib. strikes her again.*]

Dor. Hold, I do ask you pardon.

[*She kneels.*]

Frib. Will you never be so insolent agen?

Dor. No, I will never pluck up a spirit agen.

Frib. Go, get you home.

Dor. Yes I will; but if I do not make your head ake for't before

before to morrow morning. *[Aside.]*

[Exit Doro.]

Frib. *Castigo te, non quod odio habeam, sed quod amem,* is an excellent Sentence I learnt in my Grammar.

Bisk. This is incomparable. Oh that I could govern my Wife thus! if I thought I could, I would swinge my Duck extremely; I'd beat my Lamb inordinately.

Frib. I warrant you, try. This is the only way to govern her; let her feel, if she can't understand that you are her head.

Bisk. I vow and swear I have a good mind, really, though she is a pretty Rogue. She does lead me such a life sometimes, I protest and vow, flesh and blood is not able to bear it.

Frib. I tell you, Neighbour, 'tis a dishonourable thing to bear an affront from a Woman, specially our own Wife.

Bisk. Uds me, here she is, I tremble.

Frib. Bear up for shame.

Enter Mrs. Bisk.

Mrs. Bisk. Where have you been, you Fop Doodle?

Bisk. What's that to you Jilt-Flirts?

Mrs. Bisk. What says the Fellow?

Bisk. I say, know your Lord and Master.

Mrs. Bisk. O heaven! the Boar's drunk, and has lost his senses.

Bisk. No, the Sow is drunk and has lost her manners.

Mrs. Bisk. Oh horrid insolence! you Villain, I'll order you, I can hear you have lost all your money at Bowls. Get you home, Sirrah; you drunken beast, you shall have money again, you shall.

Bisk. Peace, you impertinent unreasonable Ass, or I shall grow passionate.

Mrs. Bisk. You scurvy Fellow, I'll tear you eyes out. I am amaz'd, what can this insolence mean!

Bisk. Stand by me, Neighbour, I have too long endur'd your impudence. I will give you a great deal of Correction: I am your head, Hufwife.

Mrs. Bisk. You my head, you Cuckold! nay then 'tis time to begin with you. I'll head you before I have done.

[She gives him a dounce on the Chaps.]

L

Frib.

Frib. Now it begins.

Bisk. Nay then have at you.

[*He strikes her.*

Mrs. Bisk. Strike your own Wife! I'll tear your Throat out.

[*She takes away the stick and beats him; he tumbles down.*

Bisk. Help, murder, murder, Neighbour, help, help, help.

Mrs. Bisk. I'll make an Example on you. Hah would you govern your own Wife? Lord and Master, Quotha!

Bisk. Oh my Throat, Oh my Eyes!

Frib. Come off for shame, you'r an insolent Woman, and were you my Wife, I would take off your Womanhood.

[*Bisket gets up and runs away as hard as he can drive.*

Mrs. Bisk. Oh you are one of the Rascals that put him upon this! I'll try a pluck with you, I'll tear your Eyes out, you Villain, you Cuckoldly Villain.

[*She beats Fribble.*

Frib. Hold, hold— Oh Cowardly Rogue! Has he left me in the Lurch?

Mrs. Bisk. I'll order all such Rascals.

Frib. Hold, hold, this is a fine Devil.

[*Fribble runs from her, and Exit.*

Mrs. Bisk. So, are you routed? now the field's my own; but I'll order my Cuckold. Attempt to conquer his own Wife—

*I to my Husband scorn to be a Slave,
I ne're can fear the beast whose horns I gave.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Kick and Cuff.

Kick. **T**His has been a lucky day; but this last business you drew me into, frightened me devilishly.

Cuff. We that are to live by vertuous industry, ought to stand out at nothing.

Kick. But no more of this, if you please, yet 'twas well designed to rob *Clodpate*; a false Rogue to have three score pounds

in.

Boson Wells.

in his Pocket, and leave us off at Put. He rob'd us of that first, and we took it by way of Reprisal.

Cuff. His man is gagg'd and bound far enough from helping him.

Kick. And away the Horses are gone for *London*. The Rogue will neither go nor send to *London* for a discovery, he hates it so; but what a Pox made the Sot in the Church-yard?

Cuff. Nay, I know not, unless he waited to kill some body, and then give him Christian Burial. I am sure it furnished me with a good invention.

Kick. If thou hadst not been a thorough-pac'd Rogue, thou couldst never have been so present to thy self. If we had only bound him, some body might have pass'd by by accident and uloo's'd him; but to tie his hands behind him, and take a sheet off the next Hedge, and tie him up in it like a Ghost, and gag him, was a Master-piece of Roguery.

Cuff. This way will not only secure us from present pursuit, for no body durst come near him to unbind his hands: But it will make excellent sport, he'll fright all the Town out of their wits.

Enter Rains and Roger.

Kick. There's *Rains*, let us retire for fear of broken heads.

[*Exeunt Kick and Cuff.*]

Rains. How now, what news of *Clodpate*?

Roger. Oh, Sir, we had like to have been frighted out of our wits our selves,

Rains. How so?

Roger. When we expected to have frighted Mr. *Clodpate*, we saw another in a sheet, at which at first we cryed out for fear, which he (to our comfort) hearing, roar'd like a Bull at a Country Bear-bating, and run from us with all the speed he could.

Rains. 'Tis strange! who should it be?

Roger. We know not, Sir; but the amazement made us soon pull off our Ghostly Habits, and come home.

Enter Woodly.

Rains. Who's here?

Wood. Mr. *Rains*, I am glad I have found you.

Rains. Oh, Sir, is it you? we are to thank you for the favour you did us in giving those excellent Characters of us to our Mistresses.

Wood. Your Mistresses? you are men of dispatch, you take Women as fast as the French Towns; none of 'em endure a Siege, but yield upon the first Summons to you.

Rains. You are in the wrong, such as we can buy or corrupt the Governours of, may be easily had; but there are your *Nimmegen* Ladies that will hold out, and pelt damnably. But, Sir, I must be a little more serious with you. Do you think you have us'd a couple of honest Fellows as you ought?

Wood. Why, I could do no less for the honour of my Kinswoman, or the securing my own love to *Carolina*, which was desperate; and let me tell you, it is a silly Honour that will hinder a man the satisfying of his love, and is never to be found but in foolish Rhiming Plays and Romances.

Rains. I could however be no rub in your way, since all my pretences are to your Cousin *Lucia*, and I'll assure you as honourable—

Wood. That's as she pleases; for you have no more honour in love than needs must. There's no trusting young Ladies now a-days to the Invasion of Audacious men.

Rains. But they may to the men of easie Phlegm.

Wood. You are no man of easie Phlegm; but this is not my business. I suppose you have heard of the Bustle at *Mawse's* Garden to night.

Rains. I have.

Wood. I have no more to say, but that you would tell *Revil* I desire to see him with his Sword in his hand.

Rains. Sure you are too well grounded in the belief of your Wives vertue, to entertain a slight suspicion of her.

Wood. I am sure they ne're shall know that I suspect her.

[*Aside.*

Sir, since I do not question her honour, do not you make bold with

with it, 'tis for his false accusation that I require satisfaction.

Rains. The same love that provok'd you to accuse him falsely, made him do the same to your Wife; he loves *Carolina* almost to madness.

Wood. The honour of my Wife is too nice a thing to be us'd at that rate, especially by one that rivall'd me in my Mistress, without further dispute I will fight with him; if he refuses to meet me, I shall think he dares not.

Rains. That you shall not think; since you are so brisk, provide one to entertain me, I am his Friend.

Wood. Such a one you shall not want instantly.

Rains. We cannot possibly meet to night; at 5 in the morning we'll meet you at *Box Hill*.

Wood. I will expect you there, adieu. [Exit Woodly.]

Rains. Goodnight.

Enter Fribble, Bisket drunk, with Fiddlers.

Bisk. Come on Fiddlers, play us a Serenade; a Serenade's a fine merry Tune; we'll be as merry as the veryest Roysters of 'em all, and as drunk too, an we set upon't. Neighbour Fribble,

Frib. I warrant you, come we are choice Lads; come play a Serenade at this Window, fa, la, la, la.

Bisk. sings. Fa, la. Hold can't you sing *Hey for Cavaliers, ho for Cavaliers, Dab, a dub, dub, haue at old Belzebub, Oliver stinks for fear.*

Fid. No an't please you, Sir.

Frib. Ah brave Neighbour Bisket, you are a merry man i'fack.

Bisk. I, am I not? I desire any man in *Epsom* to be merrier, i'fags. Come let's all be Musitioners, and all roar and sing.

Here's a Health unto his Majesty,

With a Fal, la, la, la, la lero.

Frib. Come on, hey Boys, strike up—

Bisk.

Bisk. Now have I as much courage as any man upon the face of the Earth, if my Sweeting were here I'd beat her extreamly, I'd chastise my Pigmye immoderately: I love her, poor Bird, but she's too unruly.

An old senseless song.

*If she prove constant, obliging, and kind,
Perhaps I'll vouchsafe for to love her,
But if pride or inconstancy in her I find,
I'll de have her to know I'm above her.*

Frib. Bravely resolv'd. But for all that you left me engag'd basely and scurvily.

Enter Mrs. Bisket and Mrs. Fribble.

Mrs. Frib. Mr. *Rains* should be here by the Fiddles. O lamentable, our Husbands are drunk and roaring and serenading.

Mrs. Bisk. Oh my fingers itch at 'em, I'll order my Rogue.

Bisk. 'Slife here they are; now does my heart fail me: Fidlers do you keep back; they shall be the Reserve, you shall lead the Van, and I'll bring up the Rear: There's discipline for you.

Frib. We are fallen into an Ambush, bear thy self bravely.

Mrs. Bisk. Where's my drunken beast? do you sneak behind? I'll make you an example.

Bisk Sings.

*But if pride or inconstancy in her I find,
I'll de have her to know I'm above her.*

Mrs. Bisk. Above me! a pitiful Comfit-maker above me! I'll have better men above me. Sirrah, I'll spoil your singing.

Enter Kick and Cuff, with Fiddles.

Kick. They are our Bubbles drunk, but not drunk enough, and their Wives with them too. Now for some stratagem to part 'em—

Cuff.

Cuff. Ladies, a word of consultation.

Mrs. Bisk. Your Servant, Sir.

Bisk. Oh Gentlemen, your Servant; now we'll be merry as Princes i' faith: who cares for you now, come strike up Fiddlers.

Frib. Ay come, fa, la, la, let 'em alone, who cares.

Bisk. Ay come, let 'em alone, who cares.

Kick. Ladies, let me desire you to walk away, your Husbands are too drunk for your company; we'll carry 'em to our Lodgings, and they shall sleep till they be sober.

Cuff. And we'll come back and wait on you with our Fiddles.

Mrs. Frib. Your Servant, sweet Sir, you are very obliging.

Mrs. Bisk. We shall be proud to wait on you. Your humble Servant. [Exit.]

Frib. Are you gone. Come, Gentlemen, let's join our forces, and away serenading, fa, la, la.

Kick. Come on toward our Lodging.

Bisk. Strike up, fa, la, la, la.

Enter people crying the Devil, the Devil, Clodpate with his hands bound behind him in a sheet like a Ghost. Bisket and Fribble run with the Fiddles, crying the Devil, the Ghost, &c.

Kick. He's here, the Rogue has made haste; now will our Ladies be afraid to lye alone to night.

Cuff. We must e'en be content to supply their Husbands places. Come along. [Exeunt.]

Clodp. Oh, oh, oh, Udfooks there's my Gag broke at length, thanks to the strength of my teeth; unmerciful Rogues, if it had been like *Dappers* Gag of Ginger-bread, it would have melted in my mouth; never man has been so unfortunate as I have been this night, I have been frighted out of my Wits, I saw two Ghosts in the Church-yard, I have almost sweat my self into a Consumption, my man's gone, for ought I know murder'd; nay which is worse, my Dapple Mare's lost, I am rob'd of Threescore Pounds, my hands ty'd behind me, every one takes me for a Ghost; oh, oh, oh.

Enter a Countryman.

Count. Oh the Devil, the Devil! *[Exit.]*

Clodp. Do you hear, I am no Devil, stay, stay, if I should run after him he'd run ten times faster. If I go home they'll shut the doors upon me, no body will come near me this night, nor for ought I know to morrow. *[Enter Landlord and two more with him whistling.]*

Landl. Oh here's the Ghost, the Ghost. *[Exit.]*

Clodp. Stay, I am no Ghost, Landlord; Rogue stay, I will pursue that Rascal. *[He runs after him, and both run over the stage again, and Exit.]*

Enter Toby.

Toby. How luckily was I reliev'd? I had been sure for one night, if an honest fellow had not come by, by Miracle; but he told me a dreadful story of a Spirit walking to night.

Enter Clodpate.

Clodp. Who's this? my man Toby?

Toby. Oh the Devil, the Devil! *[He runs off the stage, Clodpate follows him, and they enter again.]*

Clodp. Why Toby, Rogue, Rascal, I am your Master Clodpate. *[As they run cross the stage Clodpate overtakes Toby, and strikes up his heels.]*

Justice Clodpate, Rogue, Rascal.

Toby. Devil I defy thee and all thy works: oh, oh, oh!

Clodp. Lye still, or I will stamp thy guts out, hear me, hear me; why Rogue Toby, Rascal, I am thy Master.

Toby. Ha, I think it is my Masters voice.

Clodp. Oh I am rob'd and abus'd, rise and unbind my hands.

Toby. Oh it is he, let me recover the fright. Oh! how came you in this condition?

Clodp. Ask no questions, but untie my hands.

Toby. Oh, Sir, your Dapple Mare's gone.

Clodp. Oh what shall I do? oh miserable man! Oh poor Dapple—I love her so, I could go into mourning for her. I had as good almost have lost Carolina. *Toby.*

Toby. Nay you had better, Sir; she was in the Plot against you to night, and abus'd you all this while with a story of the Church-yard.

Clodp. Gudsnooks, abus'd me?

Toby. She has no Brother, hates the Country, is an absolute vain London-Lady, and has made sport with you all this night.

Clodp. Now I reflect upon't, Udsbud, the Affignation in the Church-yard was very odd.

Toby. Mrs. *Woodly's* Maid has told me all; she has been laughing at you, and her Design upon you all this night.

Clodp. Gudsnooks, laugh at me, a Magistrate? I could find in my heart to bind her to her good behaviour.

Enter Peg.

Toby. Ha, who's this, Mrs. *Margaret*? Look you, Sir, she's come in time. I have told my Master what you told me.

Peg. 'Tis true; but I shall be ruin'd, if he tells it again.

Clodp. Fear not that, Gudsbud, I tell! but if I be not reveng'd on her. Hold, it comes into my head; what is become of the pretty Country-Lady I saw to day?

Peg. At her Lodging, the same we lie in; but why do you ask, Sir?

Clodp. As Gad-judge me, 'tis the finest Lady I ever saw.

Peg. I could tell you, Sir, but I dare not.

Clodp. What cou'dst thou tell me? Upon the honour of a Country-Justice I'll be secret.

Peg. Sir, she is extremely taken with your Worship. Alas! she's a poor innocent Country thing.

Clodp. Nay, but is she, poor Rogue?

Peg. She loves your honest, true, *English* Country Gentlemen, and wonders what Ladies can see in foolish London Fellows, to charm 'em so.

Clodp. And so do I, a company of Spindle-shank Pocky Fellows, that will scarce hold together. I am of your true, tuff *English* heart of Oak, Gudsnooks.

Peg. But, Sir, I am in haste, my Lady sent me of an Errant, and I must go.

Clodp. Hold, Mrs. *Margaret*; if you can bring about my Marriage with this Lady, I will give you 50*l*.

M

Peg.

Peg. That I know not whether I can do or not; but, Sir, I'll endeavour to serve you without a reward, if you be in earnest.

Clodp. I am, prepare a Visit for me presently.

Peg. I'll do what I can to serve you, but I must go, your Servant. *[Exit.]*

Clodp. If I do not give *Carolina* such a bob, she shall repent it all her life time.

[Ex. Clodp. and Toby.]

Enter Rains, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.

Caro. Good *Brisk*; Sir, you shall not meet with *Woodly* this night.

Luc. And you, Sir, shall pass your word for your self and him. I know you'll offer your help to commit a Gentleman-like murder for his Honour.

Rains. Faith, Ladies, there's no way to secure us, but to take each of us, and keep us in your several Chambers all night.

Luc. No, Sir, we shall be in more danger with that than you'll be with fighting.

Caro. We shall find a better way with a Constable and Watch, if you will not pass your words to go home peaceably to night.

Bev. If I could think this care of me proceeded from a value you have for me, I would renounce my Honour for my Love.

Caro. Perhaps I have such a value for you, as in time might grow to a kind of Friendship. But that's the farthest point I shall ever stretch it to.

Bev. Friendship's a dull, foolish, flegmatick affection, which you might a had, being a Woman for the matter; but if it could ever grow to Love, I would renounce my dear Friends, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil for you.

Rains. A Lady will be little pleas'd with one that should renounce the Flesh for her sake.

Luc. Are not you angry in your heart to be kept from your belov'd Bottles?

Rains.

Rains. The Devil take me, I love you so, that I could be content to abjure Wine for ever, and drink nothing but Almond-milk for your sake.

Bev. We never meet like Country-Sots to drink only, but to enjoy one another, and then Wine steals upon us unawares, as late hours do sometimes upon your selves at Cards.

Rains. And it makes your dull Fools sit hickupping, sneezing, drivelling, and belching, with their eyes set in their heads, while it raises men of heat and vigour to mirth, and sometimes to extravagance.

Bev. And which is most scandalous, witty extravagance, or drivelling, snivelling, sneaking dulness.

Enter Peg with a Note.

Peg. Is my Lady here, Ladies? 'tis past eleven, and she's not come home yet.

Luc. No, she's not here.

Peg. My Lady is at home, and bid me give you that Note.

[Gives a Note to Rains.]

Not a word to Mr. *Bevil*, good night. I have taken order the other Note shall be given to Mr. *Bevil*.

[Aside.]

Caro. Gentlemen, we are not us'd to your late hours, we must retire; but if you will not promise to go home peaceably I will send for the Constable.

Rains. Take my word, Madam, there shall be nothing done to night.

Luc. Gentlemen, your Servant.

Rains. I hope the noise of Fiddles under your Window will not offend you.

Luc. In a Town where there are such vile noises all night long, we may suffer good Musick to come into the Confort.

Caro. Adieu.

Bev. Your Servant, dear, dear Madam.

[Ex. Women.]

Enter Messenger with a Letter, and delivers it to Bevil.

Bev. Is this for me?

Mess. It was left in the house for you.

Rains. What's this? Reads, *I know you to be a generous per-*

son, and that you will succour a distressed Lady, who stands in need of your Advice immediately.

Sarah Woodly. Gad I believe she stands in need of something else than my Advice, she has a design on my Chastity; shall I go? good Devil, don't tempt me, I must be constant; I will be constant; nay, Gad I can be constant when I resolve on't, and yet I am a Rogue. But I hope I shall have Grace, and yet I fear I shall not; but come what will, I must suffer this trial of my Virtue.

Bev. How now, Jack, an Affignation?

Rains. Peace, Ned, peace, go home, I'll be with you in half an hour.

Bev. Farewel Constancy. *[Exit Rains.]* I am glad he's gone; *Woodly* has repented him of fighting in the morning, and wou'd dispatch the business to night, 'tis a Moon-light night, and we shall do't well enough. *Reads,* Meet me in the Field behind my Lodging, and I will, Sir, since you are pleas'd to doubt whether I durst or no. *[Exit.]*

Enter Clodpate and Mrs. Jilt.

Clodp. Uddooks, do you suspect me? my word will go for ten thousand pounds in *Suffex*.

Jilt. Alas! I am a poor innocent Country thing unexperient'd in the World; do not go about to betray a harmless Maid as I am, God wot.

Clodp. As I am an honest man, I am in earnest; here's a Parson lies in the house, and I'll marry you immediately.

Jilt. Alas! I am an inconsiderable person, and not worth your Love, though I have been offer'd the Love of Knights, nay Lords, upon my word; but they were scurvy London ones, and I swear I scorn 'em all.

Clodp. As Gad judge me, you are in the right.

Jilt. Oh I hate that Town, my Father forc'd me thither for Breeding, forsooth. Excellent Breeding is learnt there indeed, to wash, daub, paint, and be proud, and senseless; out on 'em for Jezebels.

Clodp. Very fine, she's an Angel, Gudsbud.

Jilt.

Jilt. I had rather wait upon a Lady in the Country, than be that vain thing at *London*; upon my word now.

Clodp. Leave all, and cleave to me, we'll into *Sussex* far enough off that lewd Town.

Jilt. Alas! I am a silly innocent poor creature, I cannot abide marriage, upon my word not I; yet I wou'd undergo any thing rather than live at *London*; I had rather milk Cows in the Country, than be a Maid of Honour there.

Clodp. Maid of Honour! I'll make you a Wife of Honour, if you'll go with me; that's better.

Jilt. Well, I vow I use to go sometimes for my pleasure to Milk a Cow; it is a very pleasant recreation to stroke the Cows Teats, I delighted in it extreamly.

Clodp. Admirable—

Jilt. Nay, I have gone a Hay-making in a frolick, upon my word now; but my Father was stark mad with me, and forc'd me to *London*, to learn breeding, and to break me of those tricks as he call'd 'em.

Clodp. Gudfooks, he was to blame. If you'll be my Wife you shall milk and make Hay as much as you will.

Jilt. Sir, you are in a manner a stranger to me, though Mrs. *Margaret* has told me your condition and quality; yet an innocent simple thing as I am must take advice of Friends.

Clodp. Friends! Gad take me, I have 2000*l.* a year, take advice of that, 'twill be the best friend you can advise with.

Enter Mrs. Woodly.

Mrs. Wood. 'Tis strange this Husband of mine is not come home yet; but I hope Mr. *Rains* will not fail his appointment.

Clodp. Here's company, let us retire and discourse of this business. If I do not give *Carolina* such a bob as she never had in her life—

[*Ex. Clodpate and Jilt.*]

Mrs. Wood. Mr. *Rains* seems to be a person of worth, and fitter to be trusted with an intrigue, than that Villain *Bewil*.

Enter Rains.

Rains. What a Rogue am I to run into temptation; but Fox on't, *Lucia* will ne'er miss what I shall lose. Madam, your humble Servant; I have obey'd your Summons.

Mrs. Wood.

Mrs. Wood. Sir, I hope you'll pardon the confidence of a stranger, that blushes for't, as I do.

Rains. I must thank you for the honour. I'll ne're stand out at serving such a Lady with my Soul and Body too; I Gad as far as it will go—I am a Rogue, poor *Lucia*, forgive me.

Mrs. Wood. Your Friend *Bevil* is the falsest of men, but I do not doubt your honour; you are fit to make a friend of, and advise a Lady in the dangerous actions of her life.

Rains. It was an unlucky embroilment you were in this night.

Mrs. Wood. It was, Sir; but I am the more easily appeas'd, since it has offer'd me an occasion of knowing, in some measure, so worthy a person as your self.

Rains. Why, there it is—I see what it must come to. [*Aside.*]

Enter Peg.

Peg. Madam, Mr. *Bevil* is walking yonder, but my Master is coming in.

Rains. 'Sdeath, Madam, I shall be discover'd.

Mrs. Wood. Fear it not, go in. [*Exit Rains.*]

Peg, go down.

Enter Woody.

Wood. So, Madam, does not your Ladiship blush, and tremble at my presence?

Mrs. Wood. You are an unworthy man to suspect my vertue, I am the most abus'd Woman upon the earth.

Wood. Abus'd! it is impossible.

Mrs. Wood. I can clear my self, wou'd you cou'd do so, barbarous man!

Wood. You clear your self!

Mrs. Wood. That false Villain, *Bevil*, has again had the impudence to sollicite my vertue, and after he had ask'd me a thousand pardons, he was so audacious to press me to a meeting, saying, he would defend me against all your rage, and that

that there was no way for me left, but to fling my self upon him for protection.

Wood. 'Sdeath and Hell, and I'll reward him for't.

Mrs. Wood. Lord, how I tremble, do not quarrel, good Dear; though you are a naughty man, I cannot but love you yet, and wou'd not have told you this but to clear my honour; take two or three of your Servants, and beat him soundly; do not quarrel, good Dear.

Wood. I'll warrant you, let me alone.

[*Ex. Woodly.*

Mrs. Wood. I know he has too much honour not to meet him singly; if he kills *Bevil* I am reveng'd, if *Bevil* kills him he rids me of the worst Husband for my humour in Christendom; but I'll to Mr. *Rains*, he's a Gentleman indeed.

[*Ex. Mrs. Woodly.*

Enter Bevil in the field.

Bev. Where is this *Woodly*? 'Tis as fine a Moon-light night to run a man through the Lungs in, as one wou'd wish; 'Twas unlucky he shou'd over-hear me to night, but 'tis too late to retreat now.

Rains and Mrs. Woodly appear at the Window above.

Rains. 'Slife yonder's *Bevil*; I must to him, for I gave my word to keep him from meeting your Husband to night.

Mrs. Wood. You need not fear, my Husband's gone another way.

Rains. However, Madam, I must secure him in my Lodgings, and I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs. Wood. But, Sir, I have an immediate occasion for your assistance and advice.

Rains. Madam, I'll return immediately.

Mrs. Wood. My affair is so pressing and urgent, it must be dispatch'd instantly.

Rains. I'll not stay a moment from you.

Mrs. Wood. Stay but one minute; they'll not meet I tell you.

Rains. Madam, I pass'd my honour, and dare not venture it.

Mrs. Wood. Excellent honour, to leave a Lady that has such occasion for you as I have.

Rains.

Rains. I have as much occasion, Madam, for you; but those old Enemies Love and Honour will never agree.

Mrs. Wood. Sir, you shall not stir, for a reason I have to my self.

Rains. For a reason I have to my self, I must, Madam.
[*Breaks from her and Exit.*]

Mrs. Wood. Farewell you ill-bred, rude, unworthy Fellow: Heaven! how unlucky this is? I am ruin'd. [*Ex. Mrs. Wood.*]

Enter Woodly.

Wood. All's true she has said, he's here.

Bev. Oh, Sir, are you come, I have waited sufficiently for you.

Wood. Oh cunning! how ready he's at a lye to excuse himself? Do you think to carry it off thus?

Bev. Carry what off? you see, Sir, I dare meet you.

Wood. Rare impudence, meet me! have at you, Sir. [*Draws.*]
[*They fight, Woodly falls and is disarm'd.*]

Bev. Your life—

Wood. Take it—I deserve to lose it
Since I defended it no better.

Bev. No, Sir—live—and live my friend if you please; and know your Lady's innocent: I had not gone so far, but that you were pleas'd to make a question to *Rains*, whether I durst meet you or no.

Enter Rains.

Rains. How, Gentlemen, you have put a fine trick upon me, to engage me, and then leave me out at this business.

Wood. He came hither to meet another, Sir, not me.

Bev. Another, you are mad, Sir.

Enter Lucia and Carolina in Night-Gowns.

Luc. So, Gentlemen, you are men of honour, you keep your words well, but we would not trust you—we had you dogg'd—

Caro. This will redound much to our reputation, to have our names us'd in one of your quarrels.

Rains.

Rains. There's a mistake, Madam, hear it out.

Wood. Did not you come to meet a Lady of my Acquaintance?

Bev. I receiv'd a Challenge from you, there 'tis —

Wood. From me? I sent none. Ha, this must be my damn'd Wife. 'Sdeath and Hell; but no more, I am resolv'd. Ladies and Gentlemen, do me the favour to go into my Lodgings with me, and you shall see I will behave my self like a man of Honour, and doubt not but to have all your approbations.

Rains. What does he mean?

Luc. Come, let's in.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bisk. and Fribble in the Hall.

Bisk. A deuce take Mr. *Cuff* and Mr. *Kick* for locking us up. I'll take him up roundly for't to morrow: it's well his Landlord took pity on us, and releas'd us.

Frib. Well, I am so loving in my drink, I'll go to bed to my Dear, and forgive her all.

Bisk. I can hold out no longer, I'll go to bed and make peace with my Bird, there's no such peace as that concluded between a pair of sheets. Prithee, Neighbour, go you first gently into her Chamber, and try to appease her, a little to prepare my way.

Frib. Well, I'll venture a Broken-head for you once.

Bisk. Gently, gently.

Frib. 'Sdeath, what do I see?

[*Peeps in.*]

Bisk. Be not afraid, man, what's the matter?

Frib. Mr. *Kick* is in a very indecent posture upon the Bed with your Wife.

Bisk peeps in. 'Slife what do you say? Oh, 'tis true, 'tis true, what shall I do? If I should go in, he'd grow desperate at the discovery, and for ought I know kill me.

Frib. You must get a Constable and apprehend him; but for my Jade I'd maul her, if I should find her at it.

Bisk. I will, I will, come along with me, Neighbour.

Frib. Stay but a minute till I see how my poor Rogue does, and I'll go with you; I beat her damnably, and am very sorry for't, i'fack.

Bisk. Oh make haste, make haste!

N

Frib.

Frib. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

[Peeps.

Bisk. What's the matter?

Frib. Oh Lord!

Bisk. What's the matter? come away.

Frib. As Gad judge me, my Jade's at the same recreation with Mr. *Cuff*. Oh look, look, Neighbour, that you may be my Witness as well as I am yours.

[Bisk. peeps.

Bisk. She has given you occasion to maul her, Neighbour.

Frib. This I may thank you for; you must be bringing Fellows acquainted with your Wife, ye Sot.

Bisk. And you must be laying wagers upon your Wifes head. Come, come, let's fetch a Constable, the world shall know what lewd Creatures they are.

[Exeunt.

Enter Rains, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.

Rains. Since Mr. *Woodly* is so busie within, settling his great affair with his Lady, let us mind our business. Ladies, our Loves to you two are so violent, they must end in Marriage.

Luc. Your Love is violent indeed, it is a hot Spur French Love.

Bev. I am sure I have lov'd out a year of ordinary Love in this one day.

Caro. Marriage! that were time to talk of when we have known you seven years.

Rains. 'Sdeath, would you have a man have the patience of a Patriarch?

Luc. Methinks 'twere enough to arrive at Platonick Love at first.

Bev. The pretence to that is more out of fashion in this active Age, than Ruffs and Trunk-breeches are.

Caro. If we hear one word of Marriage more, we'll discard you. We may perhaps admit of a little harmless Gallantry.

Luc. This is no Age for Marriage; but if you'll keep your distance, we well admit you for a Couple of Servants as far as a Country Dance or Ombre, or so.

Enter

Enter Clodpate.

Clodp. So, Ladies, I thank you for the Tricks you have put upon me; but, Madam, I am even with you for your *London* Tricks, I have given you such a bob.

Caro. Me?

Clodp. You have lost me, Madam, you have. I have married a pretty innocent Country-Lady worth fifty of you. Come in my Dear. Here's the Parson too that dispatch'd the business for us. I think I have met with you now.

Enter Jilt with a Parson.

Rains. Mrs. *Jilt*.

Bev. Old Acquaintance.

Clodp. How's this!

Jilt. I have got a Husband at last, though much ado, I'll swear.

Enter Peg.

Peg. Sister, I wish you Joy. Now I hope I may be own'd by you.

Clodp. Is she her Sister? Curs'd Instrument of Hell, I am cheated, abus'd.

Bev. Is this your Country-Lady? she has liv'd in *London* all her life.

Clodp. Udsbud, is this true?

Jilt. I was never so far out of *London*, nor ever will be agen, I'll swear.

Clodp. Nay, now I am sure she has liv'd in *London*, she could not have been so impudent else.

Caro. I wish you happy in her, Sir, though it was not my good Fortune to be made so by you; but let's in, and hear *Woodly's* resolution. [*Ex. Rains, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.*]

Jilt. Did you think I would be mop'd up in a house in *Sussex*? Sister, take a place in the Coach, and go to morrow to *London*, get my Brother to bespeak me a fine Coach and Horses, and to hire me a House in *Lincoln's-Inn-fields*, I shall find Credit

for Furniture ; but now I think on't, my Dear, you shall go with me. You are so strangely Rustical, I swear, you must be better bred, if you think to please me ; upon my word you must.

Clodp. Gudsooks, Gudsbud, I'll go hang my self.

Jilt. A person of your Quality keep Company with Boars and Rascals, it's a shame. I'll ha'you to *London*, and bring you acquainted with Wits and Courtiers, upon my word, and you shall learn such Breeding of 'em. I am belov'd and courted at a high rate by 'em all, I'll swear.

Clodp. Oh miserable man ! I have not only married a *Londoner*, and consequently a Strumpet, and consequently one that is not sound, but the most audacious of her Sex, a *Mall-Cut-purse*, a *Doll Common*.

Jilt. My Dear, you are strangely unkind upon your Wedding night. We'll to *London* together to morrow, you'll find great respect there for my sake. I have had so many Lovers I have been cruel to, that I'll swear you'll be the most envy'd man in the whole World, upon my word you will.

Clodp. I am distracted, I know not what to do or say.

Jilt. Why are you troubled, my Dear ? you shall find I have interest at Court, and can keep you from being Sheriff ; nay, I believe I could get you Knighted.

Clodp. Knighted with a Pox ; would you had interest enough with the Parson, and wou'd get me unmarried, I wou'd willingly give a Leg or an Arm.

Jilt. Unmarried ; nay, Sir, an' you despise me, I scorn such a pitiful Fellow as you are ; matters are not gone so far, but upon good terms I can release you.

Clodp. How, Gudsbud, what say you ?

Peg. Leave it to me, give me a handsome reward, and her some consideration for the loss she shall have in such a Husband, and I'll do't.

Clodp. I will, any thing that you can in reason demand.

Jilt. We'll in, and consult about the business.

[*Ex. Jilt, and Peg, and Parson.*]

Clodp. 'Spud I'de give half my Estate to be rid on her.

Enter

Enter Bisket and Fribble, with a Constable and Watch, bringing in Mrs. Fribble, Mrs. Bisket, Kick, and Cuff.

Bisk. Sir, an' please your Worship, I have brought a Malefactor before you here, that in most unseemly manner did make an assault upon the body of my Wife.

Frib. And I another, that committed the same insolence upon mine.

Clodp. Ha, Rogues! I've vent some of my anger upon them: Hah, you were the Rogues in Country Habits, to day, that won my money at Putt: I'll make you Examples, cheating Villains; you, for ought I know, rob'd me, bound me, and stole my Dapple Mare.

Kick. Shameless Rascals, to publish thus your own disgraces.

[To Bisk. and Frib.]

Cuff. Rogues! we shall meet with you.

Clodp. Away with 'em, cheating Slaves! adulterous Rogues!

Cuff. Mr. Justice, you are a Coxcomb; and I shall find a time to cut your Nose.

Kick. And I will make bold to piss upon your Worship.

Clodp. Oh impudence! Constable secure 'em to night, and I'll send 'em in the morning to *Kingstone* Goal without Bail or Mainprize.

Cuff. Pheu, our party is too strong for that, here in Town.

[Ex. Constable, Cuff, and Kick.]

Clodp. Oh this cursed Match of mine! I'll see what they do within.

[Ex. Clodp.]

Mrs. Frib. Good Dear forgive me: I will never do the like again.

Frib. Again, quoth she! no she had not need—*[They Kneel.]*

Mrs. Bisk. Good Duck, now forgive me; I will never commit Adultery again, nay, I will never pluck up a spirit against thee more. Thou shalt command me for ever, if thou'lt say no more of this business.

Bisk. Well, my heart melts—I cannot deny my Lamb when she begs any thing upon her Knees. Rise, poor Bird—but i'fack you were to blame, Duck.

Mrs. Bisk. I was; but I will never do so again.

Bisk. But will you swear, as you hope to be sav'd?

Mrs. Bisk.

Mrs. Bisk. Ay, as I hope to be fav'd.

Mrs. Frib. Pray, Dear, forgive me.

Frib. Ay, now you are upon your Knees; but you were in another posture just now.

Mrs. Frib. And I wish I may never stir out of this place alive, if I e're do so again. Pray forgive me.

Frib. Well, I'll pass it by for once; but I'll not fail to sue *Cuff* upon an Action of Assault and Battery.

Bisk. And I'll sue *Kick* too. If we order our business wisely, and impanel a good substantial Jury, of all married men, they'll give us vast damages.

Frib. I have known a man recover 4 or 500 l. in such a Case, and his Wife not one jot the worse.

Bisk. No not a bit. But shall I always command you?

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, you shall, you shall.

Bisk. Why then this is the first day of my reign.

Enter Woodly, Mrs. Woodly, Rains, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.

Wood. I desire you all here to stay, and be Witnesses of what I now shall do.

Rains. Be not rash, consider 'till to morrow.

Wood. I have consider'd, dissuade me not: next to the obligation she did me to let me enjoy her when I lik'd her, is the giving me occasion to part with her when I do not like her.

Bev. I am extream sorry, Madam, that I was the occasion, though unwillingly, of this breach.

Mrs. Wood. You are not the occasion, he believes you not; but if you were, I should thank you; for you would rid me at once of him and your self too: but the business is, we like not one another, and there's an end on't.

Wood. But let's execute our Divorce decently; for my part I'll celebrate it like a Wedding.

Mrs. Wood. To me 'tis a more joyful day.

Enter Clodpate, Jilt, Peg, and Parson.

Peg. Do but sign this Warrant, to confess a Judgment to my Sister, and this Bond to me; and I'll null your Marriage, or declare these Writings before all these Witnesses to be void.

Clodp. Give me the Writings, I will do't with all my heart.

Luc. What's here another Divorce? *Clodpate* begins betimes.

Clodp.

Clodp. Here they are, take 'em.

Peg. Well now, Sir, know the Parson would not marry you, because the hour was not Canonical, but I was fain to steal a Cassock, and counterfeit a Beard for Mr. *Woodly's* man. Look you, this is the first Parson I ever ordain'd. [*Pulls his Beard off.*]

Jilt. I release you of your Marriage and thank you, you have qualified me to marry one I like better, for I am resolv'd to marry upon my word, and suddenly too.

Clodp. 'Sdeath and Hell, if ever I come so near *London* agen, I'll commit Treason, and have my head and quarters set upon the Bridge. [*Ex. Clodpate.*]

Wood. Now listen, and be witnesses to our agreement.

Mrs. Wood. This I think is the first time we e're agreed since our Wedding.

Wood. *Imprimis*, I *Francis Woodly*, for several causes me thereunto especially moving, do declare I will for ever separate from the company of *Sarah* my now Wife.

Mrs. Wood. Your lewd disorderly life made you separate before. The said *Sarah* having for this two years scarce seen you by day-light.

Wood. And that I will never hereafter use her like a Wife.

Mrs. Wood. That is scurvily. Also all Obligations of conjugal affections, shall from henceforth cease, be null, void, and of none effect.

Wood. Then, that I am to keep what Mistress I please, and how I please, after the laudable custom of other Husbands.

Mrs. Wood. And that I am to have no Spies upon my company or actions, but may enjoy all Priviledges of other separate Ladies, without any lett, hindrance, or molestation whatsoever.

Wood. And if at any time I should be in-drink, or otherwise in a loving fit, and should be desirous to visit you, it shall and may be lawful for you to deny me ingress, egress, and regress.

Mrs. Wood. Yes, though you serve me as you do others, and break my Windows.

Wood. I restore you all your Portion, and add 2000*l.* to it for the use I have had on you.

Mrs. Wood. So, it is done.

Wood. Is not this better than to live and quarrel, and to keep

keep a pocher with one another. *Fribble* take a Kiss at parting
for old acquaintance.

Mrs. Wood. Farewell, dear Husband.

Wood. Adieu, dear Wife.

Fribble to his Wife. This 'tis to marry a Gentleman, forsooth;
if you had marry'd one, you certainly had been turn'd away for
the prank you plaid to night.

Bisk. Ay, but we Citizens use our Wives better: let me tell
you, Neighbour *Fribble*, I would not part from my Lamb for
all the world, let her do what she will, she is such a pretty
Rogue.

Luc. See what Matrimony comes to——

Rains. Madam, since we cannot agree upon better terms, let
me claim your promise, and admit me for your Servant.

Luc. I do receive you upon tryal.

Caro. And I you upon your good behaviour: I think you
have gone far enough in one day.

Luc. If you should improve every day so, what would it
come to in time?

Rains. To what it should come to, Madam.

Bew. 'Twill come to that, *Jack*; for one Fortnights conversing
with us will lay such a scandal upon 'em, they'll be glad to re-
pair to Marriage.

Wood. To shew you, that there was never yet so decent a
Divorce, I have Fiddles to play at it, as they use to do at Wed-
dings.

Mrs. Wood. And to shew you I am extreamly pleas'd, I'll
dance at it.

Wood. How easie and how light I walk without this Yoak!
methinks 'tis air I tread——Come let's Dance, strike up.

Dance.

*Marriage that does the hearts and wills unite,
Is the best state of pleasure and delight:*

But——
*When Man and Wife no more each other please,
They may at least like us each other ease.*

F I N I S.